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The Outlook.

When Dr. Stephenson, of Illinois, twenty-five years ago made a humble beginning of the Grand Army of the Republic, he hardly expected that its silver anniversary would find it an organization with 45 departments, 7,409 posts, and 398,067 comrades in good standing. Its recent gathering at Detroit, with its 40,000 soldiers in line, compared favorably with any previous meeting. One feature of interest was ex-President Hayes marching in line with his post from Fremont, O. A tremendous ovation, with cheer on cheer, greeted him as he passed. A question of great importance, but late in appearing in the history of the order, is that of Negro posts—a strong effort having been made to organize separate departments for them in certain States. This is advocated in the opening address of the commander-in-chief. His views do not partake of broad statesmanship, and are scarcely a reflection of the best Northern sentiment. The Judge Advocate General, in a well-considered report, takes direct issue on the subject, and says very wisely: "If additional departments in States may be formed on lines of color or of birth, they may on lines of personal following or personal antipathies, or upon disagreements of any kind." The whole matter was referred to a sub-committee, whose report against discriminating against the colored soldiers was adopted. It has been properly assumed that this organization has reached the apex of its prosperity, the net increase for the year ending June 30, 1891, being 126 only. Every year makes deep inroads into its ranks. During the past year there were 3,157 deaths in the order, and such distinguished names as Judge Charles Devens, Gen. Sherman, Admiral Porter, and others went to swell the list. The sum expended in charity for the year was \$333,699.85. The annual increase of donations to the Grand Army fund from the order amounted to \$1,117.75—all reported by the State of Minnesota. Of the Mexican war there are 16,350 survivors; widows, 6,940. Of the war of 1812, 205 survivors; 753 widows. Total pensioners, 630,394, to pay whom will require about \$115,000,000.

The workings of the new postal subsidy law will be watched with interest. It is not only a new departure, but it is the operation of a new principle for the government to make money payments direct to steamship companies as a premium for the performance of an extraordinary contract. The compensation was fixed so low by Congress that it was feared no company would be found to accept it. One company, at least, however—the New York and Cuba Mail—proposes to build new steamers of steel and of 5,000 tons burden to run 16 knots an hour, and to establish a line between New York and Buenos Ayres, touching at Montevideo. These vessels will be superior to any British or other foreign vessel engaged in trade with South America. By this line the mails, which now take forty days to reach Buenos Ayres, will be delivered in eighteen days. It is very apparent that this means a revolution in the methods of doing business with this portion of South America, and will greatly facilitate trade with these important ports. The same company will bid for the mail service between Mexico, Havana, South Cuba, and New York. They have now three steel steamers for this purpose, and in the event of securing the contract, will build a fourth. It is interesting to note that any of our cruisers now afloat, and that in consideration of these steamers being held in readiness for war purposes, they are allowed two dollars a mile for each outward trip. The wisdom of the new law bids fair to be amply demonstrated.

The rich inheritance which has fallen to the people of this country, fails of appreciation from a lack of comprehension of its magnitude. A case in point is one of our newest States, Washington. It has long been known as a great lumber State, with a splendid deposit at Puget Sound. Now the immense deposits of coal and iron, and their prospective uses, are beginning to attract attention. The coal hitherto discovered embraces lignite, semi-bituminous and bituminous varieties; but recently a very fine quality of coal, bearing a close resemblance to our anthracite, has been discovered. The lack of railroad facilities has hindered the development of the coal industry; but even under these disadvantages, the output of coal increased from 911,527 tons in 1880 to 1,349,773 tons in 1890. The same ratio of progress continued for a few years, would make this one of the most important coal-producing regions of the world. Iron ore of several varieties is found in abundance, together with limestone and other minerals for the cheap working of the metal. All these productions are found in an area nearly as large as the State of Pennsylvania, which possesses an advantage that State does not—an almost unparalleled system of waterways, which will carry the coal and iron to tidewater at a small expense; while the mines on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains can deliver their products all the way to the sea. Add to all these advantages a temperate and equable climate, and there are glowing prospects for the future of Washington.

Some of those who held to the theory that it was an easy thing to pass an examination for admission to army positions, have had a rude awakening from their belief. Fully one-half of the candidates from civil life who recently applied for the position of second lieutenant, failed to pass their examination. The standard for the lowest commissioned grade is higher than many fancy it to be. Four out of seventeen non-commissioned officers who had passed their preliminary examinations failed on their final ones. There were some forty vacancies—an unusually large number—and it was believed that there was an opportunity for sergeants and corporals such as they would not find again for years. They, like the civilian candidates, found the standard high, and that it would not be altered. The government is more critical, too, in its physical examination, five of the recent candidates being barred out. In view of the many officers carried to the disability retirement list, imposing a heavy financial burden upon the government, it becomes more than ever important that the physical condition of the candidates shall be of a high standard.

The future of the kingdom of Korea is fraught with a great deal of danger. It is an undeveloped peninsula of a hundred and ten thousand square miles lying on the borders of the Chinese empire and Siberia. China has long claimed a suzerainty over it, and although the claim has never been formally admitted by Korea, she has, nevertheless, paid a nominal tribute to the Peking Government. Interest in the East is now centering on the Hermit Nation, and Russia, Great Britain, China, Japan, and even our own nation, are closely watching the turn of events. Of late years Korea has been disposed to assert her independence, and has sent an embassy to this country which has been cordially received. Russia has cast envious eyes upon her of late. She desires an outlet for her fleets on the Pacific coast of Siberia. Vladivostok, the only naval port of Siberia, is blocked with ice during the greater part of the fall and winter of each year, and in a war with Great Britain, the Russian war ships in the event of a disaster would be without a rendezvous in which to make repairs, while the enemy could control a number of ports in that region. Korea has a long coast-line possessing excellent harbors open the entire year, and on that account would be valuable to the czar. The Japanese fear of Russian encroachments has prevented the latter from purchasing from her any islands that might serve for a rendezvous, and Russia has pretty well determined to annex Korea. Her political agents have been secretly at work trying to prepare the people for the change, and at the proper time it is believed her armies will move down from Siberia, while her fleets will appear on the coast. In that event Korea will pass from the list of kingdoms and will become a province of Russia. England is sharply watching the course of events. She has even promised to aid China in annexing Korea formally to that kingdom if the Chinese will prevent by arms the acquisition of any naval station by Russia on the Pacific coast. No Russian ship goes anywhere in the East without being preceded by a Russian flag. China fears the descent of troops from Siberia along her whole northern frontier even to the capture of Peking, should she forcibly prevent the acquisition of Korea. Japan is deeply interested in the outcome, for she regards Korea as the barrier between herself and China and Russia. Korea is only one day's steaming from the richest and most populous part of Japan. It is regarded as a question of only a short time when the Russian flag will wave over Korea.

Brierley Comment.

THE steamer "Majestic," of the White Star line, has now broken the record of the ocean steamers, and comes to the front as the fastest steamer afloat. Her time of 5 days, 18 hours and 8 minutes, surpasses that of the "City of Paris," of the Inman line, by about one hour. The latter boat still has the record of making the fastest single day's run of 509 miles. The record of the various steamers is kept with a great degree of exactness. It is a triumph of navigation that steamers can be run so accurately for a distance of nearly three thousand miles. In the case of the "Majestic," her course was as nearly in a direct line from Ireland to New York as was possible, without running the distance the straightest ever noted.

THE ingenuity of the makers of the new Mississippi Constitution will have the reward expected. The recent election returns show that a white majority is practically permanently established in the State, and the Negro vote is as effectively wiped out as possible. By the new constitution the voter is required to pay a poll tax within a certain time before the election and to satisfy an educational qualification. Less than one-fourth of the colored voters have paid their poll taxes. In counties where the colored population is the largest, not more than one-fifth, and in some not more than one-tenth, of the voters have registered. In one county 78 have registered out of 6,000 entitled to register. The unwillingness, or inability, of the Negroes to register, will leave the whites with a majority larger than the whole colored population voting. It is the New York Sun which says: "We believe, however, that before many years public opinion in Mississippi will ask for a more truly Democratic Constitution. Only as an expedient, and not as a necessary and definitive fact, can the new Constitution be defended." We should say not!

QUIETLY, and without special announcement, a practically new Order for the uplifting of fallen humanity and the spread of the gospel of peace and good-will to men, has been organized in New York. The Order of the King's Daughters has, by decree of the New York Supreme Court, been changed to that of the "International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons." It was in 1887 that men and boys were organized as The King's Sons, but they were not admitted to the circles of The King's Daughters. Mrs. Bottom expressed it: "There are not two orders, one for men and one for women. It is one order, one work, one badge, one motto, one fellowship, and one Christ." There was not, however, that cooperation between the two bodies which was needed, and the present change is not only in that direction, but also in that of widening the area of their work. The Order of the King's Daughters spreads over the world. It has been determined to reorganize under the new title into national divisions, having

their central, governing head in New York. The work of the new Order will be largely that of the two old orders, but, if anything, more beneficent and more wide-reaching.

Our Editors.



REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS, A. M., D. D.,
Editor Northwestern Christian Advocate.

"SOME MODERN METHODIST TENDENCIES."

IT would seem that Methodism has become an "Objective Reality" in this world. It appears that the church lives, moves, and hath a being. Being much of a fact, it gets to be talked about, and discussed in various ways. Centennials have begotten more than a little substantial boasting in the interior, and have brought to pass considerable exterior criticism. It is singular that some of the most adverse criticism and some of the least encouraging prophecy concerning our future are coming from within our own lines. Perhaps this is a philosophical reaction from our centennial bragging; and, whether it is or not, things will get pretty well leveled up by the time the debate is ended.

I rejoice that there are some "tendencies in modern Methodism" to be discussed. A "tendency" means a trend, a test, a trial, as in the case of a modern huge ocean steamer whose mighty engines when at full speed search for every weak spot and joint in the whole fabric. Trend means advance, and not mere drifting, with pulseless engines and a wallowing hull. Logs and chips drift upon currents. The church is the current, and not a helpless, aimless something that hilly slides along the surface of the stream. I rejoice, also, that men care to discuss some modern Methodist tendencies. It is not well when everything is left to ecclesiastical precedent and canonical machinery. We are not going to heaven by contract, but are rather like the crews of fishing vessels on your New England coasts, each man of whom is vitally related to all his shipmates and entitled to profits and losses, "share and share alike."

Indeed, the original commission of Methodism made us fishers of men. When Godly men of blessed memory in Wesley's day mourned because they, like the fishermen of whom Luke and John tell us, "toiled all night and took nothing," they listened to the Master's suggestion about deeper water and a trial cast on the other side of the vessel. The disciples in their age, Wesley and his helpers in their day, and we in our own times, are anxious about our nets, and solicitous lest our ships should sink beneath the burden of the miraculous draft of fishes. In Luke's account of the miracle it appears that when Christ first saw the two ships by the lake-side, "the fishermen were gone out of them and were washing their nets." Mending and repairs are necessary, but perhaps it is possible that Genesaret fishermen and modern Methodism may

Spent Too Much Time Washing Nets. When vast schools of fish are flitting along our coasts of opportunity, it may appear that the very best way in which to wash our nets is by their prompt submergence beneath the waters in practical, earnest efforts to save men. The miracle that makes possible a wonderful draft of fishes may avail, also, to cleanse and strengthen every mesh in the vast but simple machinery of Methodism.

I am an optimistic Methodist, yet without the extreme of believing that "whatever is, is right." If some things might conceivably be better, I heartily believe things will become right, not fatalistically, but because Christ takes old nets into account when He points to deeper water and tells us to try a cast upon a side of the ship not preferred by those who fish as their grandfathers did, and are not inspired by Him who made the waters, and created all that in them is. Let us keep on fishing, and thus get the courage that comes of thanking God. Methodism, like sincere men, has always done her best when unconscious of herself. Intro-spection when excessive always does damage. Self-consciousness leads one to wonder where he shall put his hands, and it makes him awkward and apt to stumble over himself. When an overmastering motive or emotion seizes a man, as when his house takes fire, or he falls overboard, Delisarte rules fly to the winds, and utmost manly effort takes rank next after Providence. Perhaps such effort is providence, since God helps those who help themselves. Methodist introspection, though sincere, seems to me just now to be excessive and harmful. I say this with perfect respect for, and confidence in, those who appear to be in danger of Methodist pessimism. That is a "modern tendency" which I deprecate because it does more harm than do most of the evils which some of my brethren aim to identify.

Yet no one should fail to respect the rationale of our present pessimism. It has its

genesis in solicitude lest the mighty agency called Methodism be shorn of power or deprived of those reasons for existence which have ever saved our church from just reproach as a schism. When Methodism ceases to bear the characteristics which Wesley held to be a vindication of separate organization as a church, our vast body with all its immense machinery will immediately become schismatical. The ecclesiastical tests which would have condemned it in Wesley's time, would instantly become operative in these later times and deprive us of the sanctions which church history has pronounced valid and sufficient. Little wonder that good men, even outside our immediate ranks, fear lest some evil may overtake and rob us of our glory. The introspection and self-consciousness of which we speak have their roots in godly solicitude, though I do fear lest we have been excessively willing to admit the whole world into the inner room where our inquests might better take place in private, though not in "secret."

What a wreck would strew our desolate human shores were certain alleged modern evils permitted to do their worst! Methodism now has almost twice as many communicants as the thirteen colonies had inhabitants. Our church of the present pays more for self sustenance, not including benevolences, than the colonies paid for their public expenses and improvements. One of our modern churches equals in value all church property in the times of Asbury. The endowments of one of our average modern colleges would buy out all educational investments at the time of the Revolution. The auditorium of one of our modern churches would seat a Conference composed of every traveling and local Methodist preacher in the world at the date when Wesley sent Thomas Coke to shepherd his poor sheep in the American wilderness. Were every European soldier disarmed, there would be enough Methodists in the world to garrison every fort of the Old World and replace the troops of every sovereign. The laymen—including the women—of the New England Southern Conference alone could replace the army of the United States, while our masculine laymen alone could guard the republic against the world. As wonderful as is the growth of our American railways, telegraphs, electric systems, mines, streets, printing, telephones, agriculture, and other marvels, it is safe to say that no development is more wonderful and symmetrical than the growth and consolidation of American Methodism. Little wonder that some are solicitous lest the large scale of its history may prove to be the measure of the calamity should our church disintegrate, decay and pass away from the attention and gratitude of men. We have no such fears. There may be seeds of danger, but that which God hath wrought will not perish. It is an old saying that divinity is proven as much in preserving the world, as by creating it. We believe that Methodism is in her relative youth, and has but begun her work among men. Though some fearful prophets are foretelling the dire things about to come upon the church because of imperfections and destructive tendencies, we bethink us of the fearfully large per cent. of the twelve disciples who proved untrue, of the defective characters of several of the prophets, kings and chief leaders of God's hosts, and how the ark came safely through. While God prefers a faultless church and infinitely approves a perfect man, He has wonderful patience and demonstrates His power by accomplishing marvelous results through imperfect human agents.

Those who discuss "some modern Methodist tendencies" lament the multiplication of officers who preside over the many bureaus into which our church activities are organized. Human nature makes such enlarged machinery dangerous. Quite a group, at a time when followers of Christ were few, actually crowded itself into His presence to ask who should be the first in His kingdom. Wesley's heart was made sad by the bickering of his helpers. Early American Methodism was almost rent by differences among brethren, and competing ambitions might have ended the whole endeavor had not the very evils driven the best of human workers to the Eternal Throne whence came their help and extrication. We lament this competition in part because of the hasty and heroic cures suggested by those who forget that the things they deprecate are

Only Side Drifts and Eddies in the great deep current of the church's life. If we have six times as many bishops as the church had when our communicants numbered only one hundred thousand, we have meantime multiplied our communicants by twenty. If we once had no missionary secretaries and now have three, we once gave nothing to missions, whereas we now give many hundreds of thousands, and have more fruits in India alone than Wesley had in America when he had this continent on his earnest heart. If we have an immense publishing interest that requires the care of four men and a large general committee, one saddle-bag once held all that Methodism printed, and that, too, was imported. And so on to the end of the franchises and vast agencies which have made a few men last after power, but which have led the main grand army to perceive the danger and determine that no item of moral peril should induce the church therefor to burn up her assets. It is alleged that some ministers become infected with unreasonable desire to become bishops, therefore the episcopal term should be limited, and no one should be re-elected. I hold that the very size of the church and the very number of our bishops requires that one central authority should be far beyond the human touch of those who do not walk softly in the presence of our American excessive republicanism. With the rule that two-thirds of votes must be cast for a bishop, and that swift annihilation shall overtake him who unduly aspires or conspires, there ought to be no danger in our life episcopacy which a clean man who

trusts God is unwilling to face. If it appears even faintly probable that an unworthy man now and then has ascended to power, it may be well to ascertain whether he was elected by his unsound friends or by his unwise opposers. We hesitate to declare that more harm has been done to modern Methodism by actual "church politics" than by the constant reiteration of the claim that such politics do in fact exist to a dangerous extent. The hearts of ninety-nine out of every hundred Methodist preachers are in the right place, and their consciences are right before God. If that plan of estimate suggests that we are endangered by one hundred and thirty ministers whose hearts and consciences are not right, that fact comes of the prosperity that gives us thirteen thousand ministers, one per cent. of whom fall by the theory on the wrong side of the line. We do not say that they are there, but it would seem from the claims of others that the line should be moved still further in the wrong direction. One-sixth of the disciples went wrong, but the world has been improving ever since, and our church is not yet in the rapids above the cataract.

Just now there seems to be

Some Fresh Adjusting of Forces in the Church.

The lay delegation movement and change are beginning to produce their not unforeseen results. When the church has placed its interests in the hands of a General Conference which is properly constituted, a new day will dawn upon Methodism, and she will start forward into a fresh and more blessed era of conquest. The attempt to reduce the number of ministerial delegates to that of the laymen has failed. Now let us cease efforts to level the inequality down, and proceed to level it up by increasing the number of laymen to that obtaining among ministers. Then divide the constituencies into two houses. When all elections must result from concurrence of the two houses, when all weighty measures must pass that double test, when woman is eligible as a layman (not for her sake, but in order to widen the area of the church's possible choice), and when consequent deliberateness is possible under that arrangement, certain alleged "modern tendencies in Methodism" will disappear as ghosts retreat before the dawn. Pending those proper and vital changes, we shall do well to keep our nets busy, and be within call when the Master of Lake Genesaret seeks to enter into our ship. He knows where the deep water is. He knows how to fill our nets. He has power to still every storm, and summon peace to displace tempest.

"A RELIGIOUS TOWN MEETING."

REV. D. H. ELA, D. D.

THE article by Dr. Hoss in the HERALD's editorial series furnishes an appropriate heading for some long-cherished thoughts. The church greatly needs the equivalent of the annual town meeting. It is unnecessary to more than remind the New England reader of the social benefits of the town meeting—its influence in the political education of the citizen and in producing the unity and individuality of the community. The church needs these results to-day.

The early Methodists found an equivalent for the town meeting in the camp-meeting, and especially in the quarterly meeting. To these gatherings came the membership from far and near, under conditions which cultivated the best social relations, quickened the religious sensibilities, gave knowledge of the polity and insight into the business affairs of the church, as well as opportunity to hear her doctrines stated and defended by the ablest pulpits orators of the times. The result was a unity of doctrine and usage, and a connectional feeling rarely equaled and never surpassed by any large Christian body. In the changes of the times these gatherings have ceased and have left no substitute. The societies of Methodism are now so segregated that there is little more of connectional affinity between them than is to be found between churches of other denominations. Nor is there, in our larger churches, opportunity for the cultivation of personal acquaintance and fellowship among the members, and the development of a community of interest and an individuality of church life. A part of this evil, resulting from the changed conditions, is the fact that our membership have no equivalent opportunity for acquaintance with the practical affairs of the church, its laws or methods of administration. Few of the members have more than a vague notion of the financial needs or methods, of the duties of steward or trustee, or of the powers and limitations of the quarterly conference.

Moreover, there are some duties now done in official meetings which could be better performed in the church meeting. The process of transfer of powers from the ministry to the official and the laity has been going on from the beginning until now. A few more such transfers are needed to complete the symmetry of the church. The church members should select the boards of trustees and the stewards. It was simply a necessity of the beginnings of Methodism that the preacher should select and appoint and remove at will the various officers, as he received and expelled members of the church. But there is now no reason why the pastor should nominate, or the quarterly conference elect, these officers. On the contrary, there are often serious embarrassments to the pastor in this duty imposed upon him. There is equal impropriety in the members of the quarterly conference re-electing themselves to office.

We have laymen in the General Conference; but while neither they nor the body electing them are elected by the laity, and especially while the minister has the sole right of nomination of the electors of the lay delegates, we can hardly be said to have lay representation. Let the stewards and trustees and the delegates to the electoral conference be

elects by the church members, and our representative system will be complete.

The trustees should report to the church meeting, as they now do to the quarterly conference, the amount and condition of the property held in trust for the church, with account of receipts and expenditures for care and improvement of property, etc. The stewards should also report the receipts and expenditures for current expenses, amounts raised for benevolences, etc. In addition to these, it would be profitable to have an annual report by the pastor of the spiritual condition and work of the church, a summary of pastoral and pulpit work, of baptisms, conversions, additions, removals and deaths of members.

The Sunday-school superintendent should also report for his department, and the Ladies' Circle and the Epworth League assert and have recognized their partnership in the one body.

It may be claimed that much of the work here outlined can be, and often is, done in the churches now. This is true, and is proof of the felt need. But much of it, and especially the election of stewards and trustees, requires a change of the Discipline. And, anyway, the annual church meeting can only attain dignity and efficiency by legal recognition. Let us have it.

Let Them Dig Away.

"Let them," says a good Dutch Reformed minister—"let the scholars and critics dig and analyze the Scriptures to their hearts' content. The more they dig, the more truth they will turn up. The more they analyze, the more righteousness they will find."—*Literary.*

Gracious Humility.

If you have not discovered that you are fallible, if you never confess yourself mistaken, it is to be feared that you have not made much progress in self-acquaintance, nor attained to any great growth in grace. One of the leading laymen in our late General Assembly, a lawyer of recognized ability, said: "I used when I was a young man to think I was never wrong; but since I have more gray hairs I have discovered that I am almost as apt to be wrong as right." Humility and modesty are always the marks of the highest worth or wisdom.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

A Revolution.

Unless your religion changes you from a mummy to a man, makes you honest in business, pious behind counters, temperate at dinner tables, loyal to your country, affectionate to your family, neighborly in your community, conscientious at the ballot-box, patient in affliction, humble, cheerful, hopeful everywhere and always; unless it links you in brotherhood with the poorest of God's children; unless it leads you on errands of mercy to hovels and hospitals and prisons, as well as to cushioned pews and sacramental boards; unless you live Christ on week days as well as worship Him on Sabbath-days, then is your religion spurious.—*Exchange.*

The Transformation.

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bar-tender, pointing to a maddened and battered man drowning in the corner of the bar room, said: "There he is. Jim, wake up; here is your wife, come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the noble brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off him. Uncurl those serpent folds of evil habits that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me."—*Dr. Talmage.*

How It Is Done.

I asked a cobbler once how long it took to become a good shoemaker. He answered promptly, "Six years, and then you must travel." That cobbler had the artist-soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question, How long does it take to become a good shoemaker? "All your life, sir." That was still better—a Michael Angelo of shoes! Mr. Maydole, the hammer-maker of Central New York, was an artist: "Yes," said he to Mr. Paton, "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer; "I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States." Daniel Morell, once president of the Cambria Rail Works in Pittsburgh, which employed seven thousand men, was an artist, and trained artists. "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" asked the visitor. "We have no secret," was the answer; "we always try to beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we have, and we don't care who knows it."—*Rev. Wm. C. Gannett.*

Duty was Not to be Denied.

It is when duty is hard, and its fulfillment against the grain, that we are tested by it. The degree of devotion shown then will be the measure of high moral qualities. A peculiarly trying test fell to the lot of the eminent Christian soldier and hero, General Havelock, on his marriage morning. The story of the unflinching fidelity with which he met it is very bright and inspiring. Havelock married the daughter of Dr. Marshman, the well-known Baptist missionary of Serampore. On the morning fixed for the ceremony the bridegroom was unexpectedly summoned to Calcutta. His presence was required for a court-martial to be held at noon. "Red Tape" was not concerned with his private affairs. "But you will be excused on such an occasion. It will be only necessary to mention the facts. Don't go." In this way, and naturally enough, talked Havelock's friends. He listened, and understood the reasonableness of their persuasions. It was not likely that he would be seriously blamed for absence. Only, that was not the question with Havelock. He had a principle by which he always steered: it was to respond to the call of duty at any and every cost. He gently put aside protests. The order was irksome, but he would obey it. He arranged with his bride to alter the hour of the wedding. It was a very early function, and after it he was away to Calcutta and his work. It adds a touch of poetic justice to learn that the business was soon over, and that by rapid traveling Havelock was able to appear at all at the wedding banquet. Doubtless his happiness was the more unsullied because he had beautifully vindicated the claims of duty.—*Quaker.*

Miscellaneous.

THE CULMINATION OF THE SEASONS.

REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

We have come to the ideal period, the season of varied beauty, the coronation of the year. On the face of nature we trace the smile of the Creator, and, in the song of birds, the hum of insects and the whisper of the breeze, hear His voice. Summer is

The Visible Image of Perfection.

In the vegetable and animal worlds everything is at its best. Nature stops, as it were, for a gala day. There is a wide-spread in her provision; all her halls, in field and forest, are thrown open to the public; the world is welcomed to the jubilee feast which inspires and refines without intoxication.

The wealth of nature here displayed delights and overpowers us. The horn of plenty is emptied, the treasures of the universe are poured at our feet. The vegetable growths fill field and forest and extend over plain and mountain, bursting everywhere from the surface. The soil seems to be alive with the seed of tree, plant and grass. No square mile is sterile. Nature has a growth for the barest soil. The sun and showers of June quicken into life and beauty the desolate places by the road-way and hill-side. There is enough and to spare. The feast is dealt out with a lavish hand. The waste, so constant and so great, has no tendency to exhaust the store. The ravage of the destroyer gives place to something better. The mold makes possible vegetable growths, and these in turn provide for animal life. The scale is an ascending one up to man, who heads the column. The insect, holding a place at the foot and apparently so insignificant, makes possibly five-sixths of the animal life of the globe. Hidden away in winter, hordes and regiments move out in summer, as in a grand campaign or migration. The dust swarms with them, as though the very soil was alive. Above them stand larger forms of animated nature, rank on rank, in the most beautiful order; bird and beast and man himself move in the grand array. The fullness, the incalculableness, the column on column, make us feel that we are dealing with the infinite rather than the finite.

High summer is the

Grand Art Exhibition of the Creator.

The masterpieces are displayed to satiate the sense of beauty. There is no bungling work. In the minutest detail, as in the broader outline, there is perfection. Though produced in haste, there are no evidences of negligence. The hand of the Master is visible everywhere. The minister the forms, the more delicate the workmanship. The petals of the tiniest flower is more marvelously made than the cedar of Lebanon; the growth of an hour is touched with a delicacy and beauty waiting for that which outlasts the centuries. The insect is hardly less attractive than the vegetable world. A single specimen might well engage our study for the season; the lesson can never be completely mastered. The wing of the butterfly is more gorgeously colored than the canvas of Raphael or Michael Angelo; the brush never fails of its designed effect; the finer lines are distinctly drawn; every part is worked up to completion; the best artist can suggest no improvement.

Summer is the festival of the birds, whose song, in varied tone, melody and sweetness, suits every ear. There is a wide range of wood notes, each delightful in its time and place. The matin at daybreak has a pensive charm; the swell of the greater choir, as these devout sun-worshippers herald the god of day, thrills the soul; and then the breaking forth of the grand orchestra of the grove and forest, as with the clang of a thousand instruments, floods the soul with rapture. To hear them is to hear the best. Jenny Lind could only imitate the wild choruses of the wood. He is poor who has no ear to appreciate their harmony.

The delights of this season have been the theme of the poet and artist. They have told us much; there is so much they cannot tell. There are some things we can know only at first hand. Who can tell us of the harmony of music? Who can translate for us the beauties of sunrise and sunset, or bring to us the glory of the starry heavens? God has reserved these beauties for the original discovery of each soul. After reading Milton and Wordsworth and Gray, the beauties of nature first come out to your own eye. No one can see or hear for you; your own hand must pull back the curtain and your own eye detect the mysteries within. The poet and artist can only suggest and quicken, as it were, our inner sense. We must come to nature directly; we must read not in translations, but in the original. The primitive text, in these glowing days, lies open before us.

The Satisfaction of the Season

are unspeakable. As at no other period, our cup is full to overflowing. We have more than heart can wish; we are oppressed by the very abundance and excellence of the provision. In our passage across the desert of life, we have come upon springs of water and gardens of beauty and plenty. The golden city of Revelation seems to have dropped upon our path. Here is the river clear as crystal and the tree yielding twelve manner of fruits, with healing even in its leaves. Each sense is sated. To live in such an environment is joy, deep and inexpressible. We pass, as it were, out of the sober, work-day world into one of magic, the work of fairies, too beautiful to last in this mortal state.

But this glorious season, the coronation of the year, is the expressive type of the home beyond. Heaven is the summer of the soul. We pass to the land

of light and life, and genial warmth, where every scene affords delight, where joy grows to rapture, and where perfect conditions are adapted not only to minister pleasure, but to develop in the soul whatever is noblest and best.

"There the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
There the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest."

BISHOP GOODSELL IN KOREA.

REV. GEORGE HEBER JONES.

The seventh annual meeting of the

Korea Mission

was held in the capital city, Seoul, June 10-13, under the presidency of Bishop Goodsell. It was a season of great profit and encouragement to all. The presence of the Bishop, always ready with wise counsel and cheer, was felt to be a blessing. The reports, prepared with the greatest conservatism, were still felt to evidence growth and development. The discussions were carried on in a spirit of true friendliness and good-will, and when it was all over all felt that it had been a time of genuine profit.

An organization was effected June 10 by the election of officers and the appointment of committees. Then followed the reading of reports, of which there were seven, on various departments of the work. Along educational, medical and evangelistic lines steady growth was observable. The mission school, named by his majesty the king, "Pal Chai Hak tang"—which, being interpreted, means "Hall for the Training of Useful Men"—had had a total enrollment of 53 during the year.

A collegiate department had been opened, with a freshman class of two, and in the preparatory school promising students were pressing their way towards the same goal. Best of all, the school was in excellent spiritual health. A soul-profiting interest in God's truth and the way of salvation had been visible throughout the year.

There had been no violent spiritual outbreak, but a steady, deep and sustained spirit of religious inquiry had gladdened all hearts. Some had joined the church on probation. Many were active or professing Christians, while all attended divine service.

Medically 6,000 patients have been treated at the hospitals of the Parent Board. These patients came from every province of the realm, and have carried back with them accounts not only of the wonderful power of Western medical science, but also the news of a new truth and of One, Jesus, the Physician of men's souls. Services have been maintained at the hospitals, many books and tracts sold, and religious instruction constantly carried on.

The relieving of physical pain has brought many a soul into a position where it would listen, at least, to God's Word. The dullness of spiritual faculty and the pronounced indifference of the Korean, towards religious matters have produced embarrassing difficulties; but among the agencies which are helping solve these, the medical work is gaining high rank.

In the absence of Mrs. M. F. Scranton,

The Work among Women

was reported by Miss Rothwell. Of this work Superintendent Appenzeller only expressed the sentiment of the entire meeting when he said: "The W. F. M. S. is to be congratulated on the condition of its work in Korea, and I here record my high appreciation of the zeal and devotion of its workers." Though opposed by greater and more embarrassing obstacles, the work has kept full pace with that among men. The native laws which govern woman's conduct, and keep her in strict seclusion, would seem to render it impossible to reach any above the very lowest classes with the Gospel message; but meetings have been maintained for the benefit of all classes, and not infrequently the aggregate number reached on a Sabbath is over one hundred. Twenty-two women are now probationers in the Seoul circuit, and during the year three have been received into full membership. Up to the present time nineteen have been baptized; Methodism having baptized on the first woman to receive that ordinance at the hands of Protestant Christianity. One of the significant facts was the announcement that two of the girls in the school, both Christians, had married Christian men and gone out to establish Christian homes. These make three Christian homes which have thus been established—the beginnings of a work which will not cease until the land shall be covered with such bright spots and a new era introduced for woman in Korea.

Dr. Sherwood, in reporting her work among the women, said she had treated 1,902 out-patients at the dispensary; made 63 professional calls, and received 23 cases into the hospital, making a total of 1,988 for her eight months in the field. This hospital has also provided an evangelizing centre, from which, along with medicine, the Word of God has been dispensed—sent into homes which might never have been reached otherwise.

It will be seen from these reports that every agency established by the Mission has been made to contribute directly to the

One Main Object of Enlightening Darkened Hearts;

while back of them all has been a steady, direct evangelistic work among all classes. In addition to those places under the auspices of the women, five stations for regular preaching have been maintained in and around the capital. Four of these were opened during the year and can report only the beginnings of a work; but at the main station the year has been prosperous and encouraging. From the

capital city the work has spread in many directions. Itinerating trips in the country have been more productive of direct result than ever before. A great field stretches in every direction from the capital; to the north and south are great cities, in only a very few of which even the beginnings of a work are visible. These have been visited and strengthened as far as possible. The church now numbers 73 members. Of this number 15 are full members, and 58 on probation. These are the fruits of six years of work—the first-fruits rather—of a soil never before cultivated except by Roman Catholicism.

One of the noteworthy events of the year has been

The Erection of a Press Building.

It has been a genuine need, and goes a long way toward solving the difficulty of how to reach the people. Korea is intellectually inclined. It delights in a book, and the press coming thus opportunely sends its testimony where the missionary could not hope to go. Manned by natives, most of whom are students in the school, it is printing Scriptures and tracts by the thousands. And of these books after they are printed the superintendent of the press says: "None are store-worn or in danger of becoming so." The people buy them, and when they buy them it is safe to say they read them.

Such is a meagre summary of what the reports presented to the meeting contained. They showed at least one thing—that the spoiling of the enemy of men's souls had already begun in Korea in dead earnest.

On the Sabbath following the annual meeting the Bishop ordained as an elder George Heber Jones, one of the members of the Mission—an impressive service which touched all hearts.

The appointments are as follows:—H. G. Appenzeller, superintendent. Evangelistic work—Seoul Circuit: F. Ohlinger, G. H. Jones, one to be supplied; Chemulpo, H. G. Appenzeller.

Medical work: superintendent, W. B. Scranton; physician in charge, W. B. McGill.

Educational work: H. G. Appenzeller, principal Pal Chai College; G. H. Jones, teacher Pal Chai College. Superintendent of Mission Press, F. Ohlinger.

W. F. M. S.: Miss L. C. Rothwell, principal of Ewa School, Bible work; Miss Rosetta Sherwood, M. D., physician in charge Woman's Hospital; Miss Margaretta J. Bengel, teacher in Ewa School; Mrs. M. F. Scranton, absent in the United States.

"THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON."

CAR WHEEL TOURIST.

Fifty thousand people have left Boston within fifty days; and they are more scattered than the soldiers and civilians were by the first battle of Bull Run. The publishers of a directory couldn't find them. They fled like men in uniform, but not like men of war. Never since Boston was a town have more "old clothes" gone from the city to the country—"anything will do" where these people have gone.

These fifty thousand persons will never all return. Some of them have been drowned; some of them have been married; more of them have sickened and died. But most of them will probably see no danger, for they have gone where their only labor is to kill the time.

"I'dly busy rolls their world away."

The first evacuation of Boston left a remarkable reminder of the famous flight on Cape Cod. I have a cane made from the hulk of one of the warships which bombarded Charlestown and Boston, but was stranded on the loyal sands of the outer bay as it tried to get away with the red-coated troops who had fought at Bunker Hill. The "Somerset" was buried for a hundred years; then it turned up long enough to make quite a trade in canes at Provincetown before it was turned over again. I married a couple who had come from that famous fisherman's town, and part of my fee was the cane.

This second evacuation has strung the refugees along the sands of the South Shore from Hull to Harwich and to the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers from the "Mayflower." I fled myself for a few days last week along the track of these summer travelers, and wherever I went I found them. Cape Cod is one vast boarding-house from Wareham on Buzzard's Bay to High Pole Hill in Provincetown. Everybody who isn't a visitor "keeps hotel" and "knows how." The Cape got its name from the first fish caught there, and that fish has been the "cape turkey" ever since. The summer boarder comes from California to catch it, and the same fish in turn sends an aristocracy from the Cape to California for the winter.

I went first to

Winnon.

Only cultured people know where that place is—I shouldn't have known if my wife hadn't gone there—and most of them don't know why it is called Winnon. Twenty-five cottages, worth from five to fifteen thousand dollars each, are grouped around a single hotel—the Cotocheest House—midway between Hyannis and Cotuit on Nantucket Sound, in front of the Vineyard—so far to the front as to be out of sight of everything but themselves. Here a coterie of happy families with congenial guests are met to rest by the sea. The guests, like Eneas with his seven ships, are come hither to find themselves in the dwelling place of the nymphs. The cliffs are not very high, but the shining woods are over them. They tell me that Eneas might find his "three great stages upon the shore" and a herd following them "if he would but climb the cliff and go into

the woods. It must be that only the law prevents him. I saw a fawn scampering over the fields as I went by stage from the station eight miles away, and drew near to this cozy collection of cottages, "screened with clumps of green."

It would not be difficult to find here the queenly Dido if I were to go on with the Eneas; for "in all this place was a woman the leader." It may not have been always thus—the men were here on Sunday. And possibly this it will not always be between the Sundays—the men are here to stay through August. But I have learned of no quarrels for "primacy" here. After all quarrels anywhere "one of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up."

This is the home of the Garrisons and a score of kindred spirits. Nestled in the heart of the woods is the cottage of Moncure D. Conway, a venerable son of Troy. When I was a boy I read the correspondence from London of the one Methodist preacher, in the Cincinnati Commercial. I wondered then "where he would bring up."

Now I know.

When I first visited this Greek grove, or Carthaginian, I found a philosopher filling the ears of the people with "cypther lectures" on the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. This time I heard an hour's lecture and more on the influence of St. Jerome on the early church. What Waino don't know is agnostic.

Thence I went to

Bourne

—that bourne from whence travelers return. "Of a sudden," like Eneas, I "heard a great clamor and saw a company of men come quickly to the place, among whom were" some that I knew. In the midst of the throng were Bishop Mallaleu, Dr. Walter Elia, and others whose names may have been "Antheus and Sergestus and Cloathus," for aught I know. I found the Bishop was preaching a dedicatory sermon of a new Methodist church. There are five such churches in the town now. The Bishop said he had dedicated a church in the same town thirty-five years ago. He stopped almost as soon as I had entered the door, notwithstanding I had never heard the sermon before, but he said it was time to "beg the debt."

"We got it." This was at Monument Beach, in sight of the ex-President's cottage. By the way, they tell me, as though it were an exceptional instance with summer residents in that town, that President Cleveland has set the people an example. The first Saturday evening after he removed to Buzzard's Bay, he dismissed the skipper with his boat, after the week's fishing, until the following Monday morning. "You mean to-morrow morning," said the skipper. "No," said Mr. Cleveland, "I mean what I say. I haven't reached my time of life without fishing on Sunday to begin now."

So near to the Vineyard, one who is outting never returns without crossing to

Cottage City.

Here I was, for the first time, twenty-three years ago. Changes? Who can record them? A Methodist ballwalk then, it is as full of dissenters now as the whole Protestant reformation. "Father Upham" was then the head of the faithful, and tents stood around the "preachers' stand," like the shore around Cape Cod Bay. But the church fathers! Where are they? And the feast of tabernacles—it is held now under an iron pavilion. They have the historic episcopate, for Dr. Upham inherits the succession, and two noble sons worthy of their father are bishops also. "Dr. Samuel" is in Europe; the sea, however, is not vacant during his absence. The western church, whose primacy is in the great Roman city, sends her chief minister to serve for the summer. Like the bishops of the early Rome, he comes without rubrics, in cassock, or surplice, or any such things. An able minister of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the spirit, he is welcomed warmly with a discreet reception.

But the Trojans are here, and many of the Greeks with them. "Eneas lay on coverlets of purple, to whom serving-men brought water and bread in baskets and napkins; and within the circle fifty handmaids were ready to replenish the store of victual, and to fan the fire; and a hundred others, with pages as many, loaded the tables with dishes and drinking cups. Many men of Tyre, also, were bidden to the feast." They have games on the plains as stoutly contested as were the earlier Olympian. Dr. J. W. Johnston, of New York, and Dr. Herriek Johnson, of Chicago, move among the men of Troy like Ajax and Achilles. If they have not the arms of Hephaestus upon them, they must have Thetis and Father Zeus to help them. In the midst of the contests I saw Dr. Alonzo Boothby, of Boston, moving about as dexterously and skillfully as when he is in the operating room of his own private hospital. How famed since first I knew him! Asclepius was not more fortunate with his patients, and Apollo succeeded little better with Glaucus, than this now eminent surgeon succeeded with Dr. Knowles of Titon Selinsky. What would Cottage City be without the Bethel preacher? He who never rests, and who has wandered like Ulysses, is here for a fortnight, when he will return to his "world's parish" and release his neighbor pastors who share with him in the care of a whole island. He is not here even the unbroken fortnight. He flies and serves "betwixt

A Saturday and Monday."

The man who has in him the sterling spiritual stuff to make a good Methodist itinerant preacher is in the best condition to make the most of a pastorate in any church; and the man who has not in him the spiritual elements to adjust himself to our system will scarcely make the best spiritual success in any system. The spirit of Christ will adjust the man to almost any system, so that he can

make a success of it.—Christian Advocate (Nashville).

CURRENT TOPICS IN CANADA.

REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D. D.

In the Methodist Church, for the first time in the history of the denomination in this country, we have had of late a controversy involving the

Fundamental Principles of Biblical Interpretation.

So unaccustomed are we to anything of the sort, it has produced a feverish state of excitement which renders it almost unsafe to enter upon it, lest one should incur the suspicion of heterodoxy. The historical method of interpretation is a comparatively new thing with us here, and while some of the younger and more adventurous spirits among us are perhaps inclined to make rather too much of it, some of us old fogies, who in our simplicity have supposed that the *no plus ultra* of Biblical interpretation was reached when Mr. Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" and Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary" were finished, in our solicitude for the ark of God are disposed to put forth ultra-official and not altogether reverent hands to steady it. I suspect, however, that we both have our place, they that put on the steam, and we that put on the brakes; and that in spite of their recklessness and our timid cautiousness, the train will move forward.

Even some of our old fogies who have never been in Germany, and have never learned high Dutch, have had a sort of dim perception of the truth that the inspired writers were the religious teachers of the ages in which they lived; that the original object of what they spoke and wrote was the instruction of their own contemporaries; and that an important and indispensable clue to the meaning of their utterances was to be found in the history of their times. Indeed, we have been so irreverent as to call the Hebrew prophets the preachers of their age and their dispensation; and even to timidly hint that the Divine afflatus that rested upon them was the same in kind as the "sacred union from above" which in our day makes the true preacher. In this way we have familiarized ourselves and our people with the idea that the people who lived upon the earth three thousand years ago were people of like passions with ourselves; and that even when they were, now and again, caught up into a sort of third heavens, in which they were permitted to hear and see things inaudible and invisible to ordinary people, and even to ordinary saints, their experience differed only in degree from that of the spiritually-minded and devoted followers of Christ who live and walk in the Spirit in our own dispensation. We have, in fact, denied to them any monopoly of either the gifts or graces of the Holy Spirit which we have held to be the common heritage of the church in all ages. And since we have claimed their most ecstatic and blessed experiences as our own in *posse* if not in *esse*.

It is due, perhaps, both to the old men and to the young men that this much should be said. It shows that the former, notwithstanding their conservatism, which at times may appear somewhat extreme, were not altogether illiberal and non-progressive. It shows, too, that if the latter, though their progressiveness is at times somewhat excessive, have at least this much to say in their own behalf, that it was their elders that as pointed them the way. And it may be as well for us old fellows who stand beside the brakes to remember that we have been engaged drivers in our day. If we have helped to push the shadow on the dial of progress a hair's breadth forward, we possibly gave as much anxiety to our elders in the past as the young bloods are giving us now. And, for my part, I am inclined to think that wisdom is not likely to die with us; and though the generation which we have helped to train may have inherited enough of our infirmity to make some mistakes, these will be corrected in due time, and it is better that the young men should push forward than to stand still, even though they should now and again have to retrace their steps.

The current controversy in this country had its beginning in

A Lecture on "Messianic Prophecy," by Rev. George C. Workman, Ph. D., of Victoria University, delivered before the Theological Union twelve months ago. Dr. Workman, it may be said in passing, is not only a young man of ability, but a fine Biblical scholar. His learned work on the prophecies of Jeremiah has received favorable notice from some of the foremost scholars both in Europe and America. The lecture was, in some respects at least, worthy of the reputation which the lecturer had fairly won for himself. To its literary style no reasonable exception could be taken. It was, barring two or three unguarded expressions, well written. His account of the evolution of the Messianic idea in Scripture—how it grew from a prophecy meant to be without prediction; that the anointed seer might forthwith what was in the mind of God without foretelling what was in the womb of the future, and yet be a real prophet, though this should be his whole vocation, was to many a hard saying. This was a new view of prophecy; and, to the apprehension of many, not only what is new in theology, but what is new in whatever pertains to religion in any form, is false. It is not easy at all times to distinguish between what is essential and what is merely accidental. And the mischief is, that sometimes the order of things is reversed, and the latter is substituted for the former. It is just possible that some such confusion of ideas took place in this instance. If so, it was certainly nothing very uncommon. A wonder-worker, of any sort, is likely to make a greater impression upon the average human mind and attract more attention to himself than the man who moves in the beaten track, and operates according to the established order of things, though he may furnish indubitable proof of being an organ of the Divine Spirit, and an immediate instrument in the hand of God in doing good.

In this lecture Dr. Workman, however, that which acted like the dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary, was certain things—perhaps I should say unfortunate things—that he said about

The Relation of Prophecy to "the Historic Christ."

He found the whole of the Old Testament full of Christ; he found Him in the covenant, in the kingdom, in the king—in each of the steps in the process of the unfolding of the Messianic idea, and the preparation of the chosen people for the reception of Him who was to come. He found Him in the whole of the wonderful machinery by which God

progressive revelation of Himself and of His will concerning mankind was made "unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners." He found Him in all these, however, as a spirit, as a character, rather than as a person distinctly revealed to the minds of the prophets. What he did not find was evidence that the "historic Christ" was ever objectively and clearly before the mind of the prophet. In other passages in the lecture substantially the same idea occurs, but the following contains the gist of what he says on this point:

"In the prophetic age Messianic prophecy proper appears; but even here there is no passage that has original reference to the New Testament Messiah. While, therefore, portions of the Hebrew Scriptures abound with Messianic prophecy, there is no passage in the Old Testament that refers directly and predictively to Jesus Christ; that is, there is no passage in which the future Messiah stood objectively before the writer's mind, or in which the prophet made particular personal reference to the historic Christ."

That passage, and two or three others of similar import, are what I have referred to as unfortunate. They are to be regretted, if for no other reason, on account of their ambiguity. One is naturally curious to know what is meant by the "historic Christ," and what is His standing "objectively before the writer's mind." I suppose he means Christ as He exists in history, the Christ as He actually appeared among men—the Word made flesh—God over all and blessed forevermore; and yet the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief. To have a full conception of the historic Christ we must begin with the conception and follow Him to the ascension. The annunciation, the conception, the birth, the years of childhood and youth spent in the lowly home at Nazareth, are no less essential to a complete idea of the Christ of history than the facts and incidents of His public ministry. To have Him clearly and distinctly before our minds, we must acquaint ourselves with the period of His subjection to Mary and Joseph, and witness His increase in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man; we must attend Him step by step through His ministry, beholding His wonderful works, and listening to His more wonderful sayings; we must be with Him in His humiliation, in His conflict with the combined forces of earth and hell, in the agony of the garden and of the cross; we must see Him crucified, dead and buried, and follow Him in faith, if not in imagination, into the place of departed spirits; and if we are not permitted to witness His resurrection, we must have the opportunity of examining, sifting and weighing the "infallible proofs" by which He manifested Himself alive after His passion, and follow Him through the forty days intervening between His resurrection and that day when He visibly ascended into heaven in the presence of His disciples and the cloud received Him out of their sight.

If this is what Dr. Workman means by the historic Christ, and if what he means by His standing objectively before the writer's mind is their having a clearly-defined and complete picture of Him before the imagination, few thoughtful persons, probably, would be disposed to differ from him in opinion; for it is pretty safe to say that such a vision was never present to the interior eye of even the most gifted seer of the old dispensation. That is not the way, however, in which the Supreme Being makes His revelations to mankind. "Little by little" is the law that regulates the Divine procedure in the dispensations of His grace, no less than of creation and providence. He spoke in times past unto the fathers, as we have seen, "by divers portions and in divers manners." But all that He said in all these divine communications on made to our race through the lapse of the pre-Christian centuries.

Referred in Some Way to the Messiah, and was designed to prepare the way for His coming. But it must not be forgotten that though the whole of the solar system is full of light proceeding from the sun, the sun itself indefinitely surpasses all the light that fills the inter-planetary spaces; and that so it is with the fragments of Messianic truth which are scattered through all the writings of the prophets. Gathered up and welded into one—if the intellect of man was capable, of performing such a feat—they would fall very far short of the historic Christ.

Prof. Orrell has put this plainly and forcibly. "Only," he says, "this is certain, that the fulfillment will always contain something higher than anything which preceded it with the aid of prophecy. Even the truest Israelites who waited for the consolation of Israel, following prophecy, conceived the Messiah quite differently from what He actually was when He came. But when they had come to know Him, they wondered how exactly everything was fulfilled in Him." The germ-cell may have potentially present in it one of the mightiest men, physically and intellectually, that the world has ever seen, but it is only in the finished product that we can see what was wrapped up in that tiny thing. Some of the apostles of evolution seem to think that such a speck of protoplasm, invisible to the naked eye, if there had been any eye at that time to try to see it, all the forms of life on this globe had their beginning—that is that minute, that infinitesimal thing that is vital, sentient, intellectual, spiritual, was present in possibility. Now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that this was the Divine mode of creation, and that in this bit of description we have rudely indicated the genesis of all the orders of being that have their home upon the earth. Then let us turn over the leaves of the rocky register in which the record of the evolutions of these possibilities is supposed to be kept, and will any say that any mind but the mind of One who saw the end from the beginning could have predicted the outcome even after the process had been going on during five out of the six geologic or creative days? Mr. Darwin, Prof. Owen, or any other great comparative anatomist, would find innumerable prophecies, or what they look upon as prophecies, in the inferior forms of animal life that pointed forward to man, in whom this terrestrial creation was to reach its goal; but not one of these scientists would imagine that anything short of Omnipotence could have placed out the complete conception of a man from those hints, however pregnant they may conceive them to have been. The application of this illustration to the Messianic prophecies of the Scriptures is perhaps sufficiently plain.

But Dr. Workman makes the broad statement that there is no passage in the writings of the prophets "that has original reference to the New Testament Messiah;" that "there is no passage in the Old Testament that refers directly and predictively to Jesus Christ;" that "none of the numerous Messianic prophecies in the Old Testament refer directly or originally to the historic Christ." He does not deny that there are Messianic prophecies, but that these prophecies do not refer originally and directly to Jesus Christ. They do not refer immediately, but mediately, to Him to whom all the prophets gave witness. He rejects—rashly, I think—Gen. 3:14 and 15, from his list of Messianic prophecies, because the "seed" referred to means, as he affirms, not a person, but a race. But if he had understood it as applying to the Redeemer, he would have understood it as referring to Him

[Continued on Page 3.]



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not originally, but secondarily and ultimately. He evidently regards the transaction described in the verses as a malediction pronounced upon the animal that was the instrument of Satan in the temptation of Eve—he is a snake or a monkey—an ill prediction of a relentless war between the respective seed of the one and the other, in which the human should triumph over the bestial or the reptilian. He would not, however, it is probable, object to such an interpretation as would make this deadly conflict between the woman's seed and the serpent's brood typical of the conflict between good and evil which was to be carried on through all the ages, and the promise of the triumph of the former over the latter. And as the highest, indeed the ultimate, fulfillment of this promise is to be found in the character and work of Christ, who not only met all the forces of evil in His own person and vanquished them, but made it possible for all those who believe in Him and follow in His footsteps to be partakers of His victory, it is not easy to see on what ground Dr. Workman could fail to discern in this the grand anti-type of all that is typical in the passage, and the ultimate fulfillment of all that is predicted.

This reference is not made for the purpose of argument or exposition, but simply as an illustration of a Theory of Prophecy and a method of interpretation. In this instance the immediate occasion of the prophecy was the temptation of Eve, the original application of it was to the enemy which should therefore exist between the human and the serpent race, and the predestinated triumph of the former over the latter. But the serpent was not the instrument of the original temptation, Satan himself being the real agent; and though our first parents might not have such a profound knowledge of the mystery of evil, in which they had only received the first sad lesson, as to enable them to understand this, the enemy between men and serpents was to be only the outward and visible sign of the spiritual conflict between the spiritual and divine elements in human nature on the one hand and the bestial and diabolic on the other; and the predestinated triumph of the human over the reptilian race—a fact which was to become more and more palpable with the lapse of ages—was to be a perpetual promise, a sign or token of the final triumph through grace of the human over the latter. Read in the light of the New Testament, it is a prophecy of the triumph of Christ over Satan. This much, at least, is to be said in favor of this theory of the prophecies—it justified their being called "living oracles," as it represents them as demonstrating their vitality by the fact of growth—acquiring a deeper significance of profounder truth from age to age.

It is not quite easy at all times to get so completely into the exact point of observation of an author or thinker as to be able to see along the same lines with him, especially when he has pushed out into new and unfamiliar regions of thought; and yet, without doing this, it is quite impossible to properly estimate the value of his conclusions or to intelligently examine and test the validity of the mental processes by which they have been reached. The object of this paper is neither to defend nor refute the views set forth in Dr. Workman's lecture, but simply to candidly and fairly state them, and thus prepare the way for their rational and profitable discussion. If I understand the Doctor aright, he distinguishes between what was in the mind of the Spirit by whom the prophecies were inspired, and what was clearly apprehended by the men who were His organs and agents. To him the end was known from the beginning, while they were busied chiefly with what belonged to their own time or to the near future; and hence they only imperfectly understood the profundity of their own utterances. To Dr. Workman's apprehension, I doubt not, the whole of the Old Testament is a prophecy, and everything that pertains to the Old Testament dispensation a type of Him who was to come. According to his view, the whole of those ancient Divine communications was pervaded with the spirit of Christ, and the sum of the ethical and spiritual truth contained in them was realized and embodied in the person of Christ. In the Old Testament the Eternal Word, who was the Jehovah of the old dispensation as He is the Christ of the new, was virtually incarnated in human thought and human speech preparatory to the actual incarnation which was to take place in the fullness of time. He does not deny—that we understand, he firmly holds—that the whole of that vast and wonderful system of symbolism, which was the distinguishing feature of the old dispensation, was not only a silent prophecy of better things to come (of which the ancient worshippers probably had little or no conception); but it served the double purpose of educating the human mind up to the point at which it would be prepared to receive the final and perfect revelation which was to be made in the person of Jesus Christ, and at the same time to produce an ever-deepening sense of need, a longing expectation, and a patient waiting for His coming.

The subject is a fascinating one, and, though I have touched only the outer fringe of it, it has led me much further than I intended; I must, therefore, break off abruptly, leaving a good deal of what I had to say unsaid. I have written enough, however, to show that, though belonging rather to the past than the present, and having arrived at that period in life when men are apt to look backward rather than forward, I have not lost all sympathy with the young, the ardent and adventurous, who, with eyes undimmed and natural force unabated, are pushing out into new fields. And as to my gifted and learned young friend and brother who has been the occasion of raising all this din and hubbub, though more careful study will enable him to define his views in a few particulars more carefully than he has done, to modify, if may be, some of his statements, and, I suspect, to give somewhat greater prominence to the predictive element in prophecy, I cannot but think—if I may be allowed to borrow a figure from the detectives—that he has got hold of some clues that are worth following. Instead of sticking pins in him, and exaggerating him by harsh, intemperate and unfair criticism, I shall earnestly pray that he may be divinely guided and aided in his work of bringing neglected truths to light.

Toronto, Canada.

Our Book Table.

SUCCESS AND ITS ACHIEVERS. By William M. Thayer. A. M. Thayer & Co.: Boston. This large and elegant volume is written with the design of presenting to young people a brief sketch of men who have achieved success, and the means used. This is always profitable to the young and to parents. If a young man studies the life and work of a successful great man, he will not necessarily become great himself, though doubtless he will receive an inspiration to try to become like him, and this very inspiration will lift him higher than otherwise he would have reached. For a young man studies the life and work of a great and good man, he will perform better to himself much of the goodness with

which he has familiarized himself; for morality, unlike greatness, is contagious. This, we understand, is the chief purpose of this volume. The subjects of the 110 chapters are sufficiently varied and suggestive to make this volume an excellent armory of weapons to be used in the warfare of life. We most heartily recommend this able, compendious, and suggestive volume to all parents. Procure it for your boys, and read it yourselves.

THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUAL INSIGHT. By Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., New York: Wilbur B. Ketchum. Price, \$1.50. This volume, which is a companion one to "The Gospel of Common Sense," by the same distinguished preacher, is worthy of its place. It is a study of the Fourth Gospel, in a series of twenty-four chapters, and is rich and suggestive. It embraces the whole sweep of the Divine Life as it is revealed in the Gospel of the beloved disciple, and grasps the salient spiritual truths. Dr. Deems' style is pithy and pointed, and the reader is being entertained, if we may so speak, as well as instructed in the great and fundamental truths of the Word. It is characterized by a popular treatment, and, therefore, is adapted to readers of every sort. As the Sunday-school lessons for the last half of this year are in this Fourth Gospel, Dr. Deems' book will be excellent for teachers, Bible students, and superintendents.

THE SCIENCE OF CORRESPONDENCES EDUCATED. By Rev. Edward Madley, Germantown, Pa.: The Swedenborg Publishing Association. This volume purports to elucidate the peculiar doctrine of correspondences as taught by Swedenborg. We could quote freely from this volume to show that the doctrine itself is, in large measure, absurd, but we will only venture one: "The Lord says: 'When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth'" (Matt. 6: 3). Literally neither the left hand nor the right hand can know anything about alms-giving. To do alms from the right hand is to exercise power in their distribution from the love of good, and from a pure motive; but to impart that motive to the left hand first, or before the deed is done, is to give alms from truth, in order that they may appear in the light and be known abroad; thus the alms are not done in secret, but for the sake of appearing, and for some selfish gratification. In this case there may be a worldly reward, but none from our Father in the heavens. The deed has been done from a sinister motive, from the left hand; it is utterly barren of all true religion, all spiritual reward."

THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS. By Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, Price, \$1.50. In the series known as the Expositor's Bible this volume is published. Dr. Kellogg belongs to the school of Higher Criticism in reference to the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch. He thinks that Jesus Himself, if we take His words in their simple, natural sense, does not exclude the supposition that Moses had co-laborers or amanuenses like Aaron, Eleazar, Joshua; and yet Moses himself has endorsed or authorized what they write. In other words, Moses may have been simply a compiler. But this question, which, after all, is not of any very great importance, is unsettled. There is no consensus of opinion upon it. This volume takes its place, for scholarship and ability, beside those preceding in this great series. It is written in a clear, lucid, and interesting style.

THEOLOGICAL GOSPEL. By Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L., G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Mr. Hodgkin, in this volume, deals with one of the most fascinating characters of history, not because of what he was, but because of what he did. He was a mighty ruler, with large and broad opinions of statecraft—altogether too much so for his time—which, if he could have fully realized in Italy, would have undoubtedly made the Italy of to-day more free and more united than she is, and the work of Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi less difficult. Mr. Hodgkin has traced the life and deeds of this powerful Visigoth with an interested and interesting pen. His volume is indeed a fine example of a compact and concise history of a man, who loses none of its fullness or completeness under his touch. The book is fully illustrated with pictures of an ecclesiastical character, and with maps. The typography is admirably clear and clean, as is most of the work of this House.

PHILOMATHUS. By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Macmillan & Co. The sub title of this volume is, "An Anti-dote against Credulity," which is further explained by the statement that it contains "a discussion of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles." To discuss such a question seems as useless as to discuss that of the personal appearance of disembodied spirits to their friends at some spiritualistic séance. Despite Cardinal Newman's literary attainments, beauty as a writer, and spiritual-mindedness, he lacks that clear discernment of the value of related matters. He was not in the least practical. To him, the color of a rose makes a rose, forgetting that the fragrance and the shape are not there; three straight lines make a triangle, but he does not remember that they must be put together in a certain form. These extreme figures forcibly illustrate the cast of his mind. He otherwise would never have left "the church" to embrace, to the full, the radical ecclusiasm of the Roman Catholic Church. In regard to these ecclesiastical miracles, he held that "accumulated probabilities" would, under God, bring certain evidence by-and-by. This was an exceedingly tenacious frame to hold so large and heavy a picture. Mr. Abbott has admirably and clearly shown this.

THE HEARING HEART. By Anna Shipton. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. This little volume of over one hundred pages is filled with a spirit of comfort and peace. It is full, also, of the Bible and Christian experience. Surely, no devout Christian, reading these glowing pages of faith and trust, can fail to be quickened and inspired. To the confined invalid we cordially commend this book, in the hope that it may bear thoughts of consolation, hope, and cheer.

ADDRESSES. By Professor Henry Drummond, F. R. S. E., F. G. S., New York: Fleming H. Revell. Price, 75 cents. The half-dozen addresses of this distinguished Scotchman are here given entire, and his many admirers in this country can now obtain them in one volume. "Love, the Supreme Gift: The Greatest Thing in the World;" "The Perfected Life: The Greatest Need of the World," are both here. His address on "Dealing with Doubt" is an admirable paper, and one that, in the hands of a young people, is calculated to do much good. Yet the advice he gives is not always of the best. For example, he says: "Turn away from the reason, and go into the man's moral life." The latter course is necessary, no doubt, but it is just this relegation of the reason to one side that does much inculcate harm to Christianity. "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord." If Christianity and reason cannot be reconciled, then the former must go; but they can be. Not that there are not some things in Christianity which are necessarily above reason, but there must be nothing in it contradictory to reason.

To the people there is much in creeds, and hence they think, also, in Christianity. But Professor Drummond aims to help the honest doubter.

PAUL'S ANGEL. By Mrs. S. S. Robbins. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. Price, \$1. Paul is the hero of this story, and his angel is the excellent trait of character known as truthfulness. Up through poverty, adverse circumstances, and discouragements, this good angel carries him. It is a strong and readable tale.

THE FOUR-FOLD STORY. By Geo. F. Gennung. Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Price, 75 cents.

This volume embraces a study of the Four Gospels. The peculiarities of each record are pointed out, and the evident purpose of each writer as revealed in the Gospel. The story as embodied in each Gospel is briefly summarized. The volume gives a very clear idea of both the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel. It is a good book for the clergyman and the Bible student.

MIND IN MATTER; OR, THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SOUL. By Wm. Hemstreet. Fowler & Wells Co.: New York. This is an attempt to popularize psychology, or rather the views of Mr. Hemstreet in psychology. His grouping of phenomena and drawing conclusions from them is at least interesting. He believes in the indestructibility of matter, and that the union of spirit and matter in this world is not temporary, but eternal. He believes, therefore, in the corporeal substance of the soul. We might object to the semi-materialism of his doctrines, though doubtless Mr. Hemstreet does not believe at all in the materialistic hypothesis.

Magazines and Periodicals.

Scribner's Magazine for August is a fiction number, with short stories by such writers as T. R. Sullivan, Annie Elliot, A. A. Hayes, Thomas Nelson Page, and John J. A. Beck. Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne collaborate in a story entitled "The Wrecker," giving the first three chapters. Andrew Lang's article on "Piccadilly" will be read with interest, as also John H. Wigmore's "Parliamentary Days in Japan." There are, in addition, several fine poems. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

The **July Sanitarian** has some excellent health papers. "Longevity," by Shepard Homans, and "The Detrimental Effects of Over-Exertion in Pulmonary Phthisis," by Karl von Ruch, are especially noticeable. "The Medical Excerpt" department is of inestimable value to physicians. This magazine fills its place. The American News Company: New York.

The various departments of the **Homiletic Magazine** for July are filled with able articles. Rev. John Vaughan, M. A., has a sermon on "The Vision of Dothan." New York: E. B. Treat.

"New Zealand," by G. M. Grant; "Some American Riders" (4), by Col. Theodore Ayraut Dodge, U. S. A.; "Peter Ibbotson" (part third of Mr. Du Maurier's novel); "Glimpses of Western Architecture—Chicago (1)," by Montgomery Schuyler; "Nihilists in Paris," by J. H. Rosny; "London—Plantagenet, I. Ecclesiastical," by Walter Besant, comprise the half-dozen illustrated papers in the August **Herald**. Then it is a paper of stories, poems, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

There is much of amusing and pleasant reading in the August **Wide Awake**. There are three poems, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Eli Sheppard, and Richard Burton; three stories, by Sarah Orne Jewett, Grace W. Soper, and Francis E. Leupp; three articles, by Madame de Meissner, Eleanor Lewis, and J. Loxley Rhees. Aside from all these are other pages of interest to young and adult alike. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.

The **Preachers' Magazine** for the current month offers to its readers sermons and abstracts of sermons, "a shelf of sermon-talks from the Book of Leviticus," "table-talk," etc. Wilbur B. Ketchum: 2 Cooper Union, New York.

The portrait of Rev. Geo. B. Rager, pastor of the Parker Memorial Baptist Church, Ansonia, Ala., is furnished in the **Treasury** for August, together with one of his sermons. Dr. Stalker and Dr. Broadus also have discourses. The various departments are filled with excellent material for the clergyman study and reading. New York: E. B. Treat.

Upon timely and thoughtful topics the following writers fill the pages of the **able Arena** for August: Miss Blaise de Barry, C. Wood Davis, Elizabeth Cady Stanton (with portrait), Amelia B. Edwards, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Prof. Mary L. Dickinson, Helen Campbell, R. B. Hassell, Sara A. Underwood, Florence Kelley Wischenewsky, and Will Allen Dromgole. Boston: The Arena Publishing Company.

Romance for July offers short stories by Walter Besant, Olive Schreiner, Ereckmann-Christy, Nym Crinkle, Henry Herman, Eugene Chavette, Arch Jennings, Alphonse Daudet, W. C. Morrow, Acton Davis, Lewis W. Smith, Guy de Maupassant, Austyn Granville, and Richard Marsh. Here is an opportunity. You can get this excellent monthly for a year for \$1, together with a copy of Vol. 1 of it, handsomely bound in cloth, if you accept of the offer before Aug. 15. The New York Story Club: 30 East 23d Street, New York.

The August **Century** is an unusually good number, being filled with readable articles. "The German Emperor," by Poulton Blewett, will be read with interest, as also "Life on the South Sea Lightship," by Gustav Kobbé. "Play in Provence," by Joseph Pennell, and "Cape Horn and Co-operative Mining in '49," by Willard B. Farnell, are capital papers. And then there is page on page of other reading matter which will be found to be of deep interest to the summer reader. The Century Co.: New York.

The "Sermonic Section" of the August **Homiletic Review** is filled by Dr. MacLaren, Rev. Owen Jones, Prof. McGarvey, Dr. Anthony, Rev. Frederick Perry Noble, Prof. Tucker, Dr. Howland, Rev. W. G. Threlkeld, W. H. Hammon, B. D., LL. D., Rev. Mead A. Kelsey, Prof. Evans, on "The Inerrancy of Scripture," takes a liberal view. Funk & Wagnalls: New York.

The **Church at Home and Abroad** for the current month has some most readable papers on missions and missionary work. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-school Work: Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT MINISTERS READ. The preacher has grave responsibilities put upon him. He must select from his intellectual armory his keenest weapons if he would cope with the alert minds of the rising generation. Spiritual truth has not lost its force, but it must be presented in fresher forms and be re-cast in modern molds to appeal to men successfully. Knowledge is more general, the range of reading more extended, the sources of information more multiplied, so that it becomes an absolute necessity for the minister to keep pace with modern research and scientific discovery. Hortatory appeals fail to move the multitude as formerly because of a larger intelligence and an increased thoughtfulness. Creed forms have not only lost much of their significance, but they are of a changing and evanescent character. They no longer touch the life of the individual, while more than ever the world's scrutiny penetrates the surface of all professions, and demands positive standards of living and thinking. These ideas are not here presented for their novelty, since they are simple, axiomatic truths; but they have been drawn forth by a recent article in a denominational paper of this city giving the results of an investigation into the course of reading of the ministers of that particular church.

To the optimist who has high hopes for his fellow-men, the article gives a discouraging impression. Of some forty preachers ten are reading a single noted author's "Theology"; one is reading "The Bible, Gospel news and a few good books"; one who is reading two theological works adds that "he seldom touches current topics" in his sermons; another gives religious papers "and the letters of friends" as "the wheat of his reading"; "Twenty years in Congress" and a fashionable novel form the staple of another's reading. It is pleasant to learn of one that he reads "books fresh and helpful." It is quite surprising to see the number who read largely of periodical literature, but who evidently do not drink deeply of the fountain of knowledge. Of the many interviewed, apparently but one reads with the avidity of the student, and the list of books he gives is refreshingly broad and of sound scholarship. The inattentive diet supplied by the theological reading to which many of these ministers are addicted does not argue well for the building up of a healthy spiritual or mental organism in the people. If the generally narrow range of reading indicated in these interviews is a fair exponent of the progress in instructing their people these ministers are making, the result is surely one to be deplored. The prominent pulpits represented should have something better to offer to an expectant public if they are to exert any influence in molding the thought and lives of the present generation. It would be interesting to have an equally careful and candid statement of what is being done in other denominations. The prominence of certain ministers in the intellectual and moral life of the community suggests habits of studious industry and ripe scholarship which are the result only of extensive and diversified reading. The people have a right to demand just this from all of those who essay to instruct them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Obituaries. **Burr.**—Died in Hartford Centre, Ct., December 30, 1890, Warren Burr, aged 75 years, 6 months. Brother Burr had lived the greater part of his life in this town, and was highly respected by his town-people as a man of integrity and sound judgment.

He was a staunch member of the Methodist Church. He had religious convictions when a young man, but failed to acknowledge them openly. Later in life he was deeply moved at the death of his oldest son, and confessed to his family a desire to lead them by his example in the way of life. The death of his wife followed not long after. About ten years ago, under the pastoral labors of Rev. W. F. Todd, he was happily converted and united with the church. The years long during the best part of his life may have caused a corresponding loss of liberty in religious expression—a common fate of those converted late in life, but in religious conversation, as well as in habit of life, Brother Burr exhibited a sincere desire to pass for no more than he really was. His death is a loss to both church and community.

Three children survive him: Ellen, his daughter, has been his housekeeper and faithful companion for several years; Fred E., the younger son, is a photographer; and the older son, Frank H., is a jeweler in Wadsworth, Me. He lived to see his living children all converted.

He was buried at Hartford Centre, Jan. 2, 1891. The writer, former pastor, officiated, and sang as a hymn, "Balm in Gilead" in "so great salvation." E. E. REYNOLDS.

Currier.—Rev. John Currier, son of Stephen and Sarah (Mood) Currier, was born at Wallen, Vt., July 23, 1850; and, April 25, 1891, he "was called to his rest." As the blind intuitively recognize solid bodies when they near them, so "Father Currier," as he approached his translation, happily realized that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Now the white stupa, another kind of indestructible monument, and bearing the conqueror's palm, inhabit the most real of all worlds, and lives the most real life in God's universe.

His early manhood was devoted to farming and to teaching in the common schools. He was converted in April, 1870, and in the July following was baptized by Rev. Marshall Foster. He was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church in his native town, in January, 1879, by Rev. N. W. Aspinwall. He was licensed to preach, May, 1880, at Cabot, Vt. Sixty-one years ago he joined the Annual Conference at Barre, Vt. He was ordained deacon in 1882 by Bishop Roberts, and in 1884 by Bishop Hedding. June 17, 1880, at Wallen, Vt., he was married to Martha Foster, who died May 4, 1882. June 14, 1884, at Barre, Vt., he was married to Mary L. Howard, who died June 15, 1893. Oct. 19, 1884, he was married to Mrs. Sarah M. Wheeler, of Newport, N. H., who died Feb. 6, 1882. By his first wife he had three children—Martha F. John W., and Ellen W. Only the latter—now Mrs. F. H. Hinkley, of Montpelier, Vt.—is living.

The appointments of Brother Currier were as follows: Lyndon and St. Johnsbury Circuit, 1880-'81; Danville, 1882; Montpelier, 1883; Danville, 1884-'85; Chelsea, 1886-'87; Rochester, 1888-'89; Barre, 1890-'91; Northfield, 1892-'93; superannuated, 1894-'95; presiding elder on Montpelier District, 1886-'89; presiding elder on Danville District, 1890-'94; Lebanon, N. H., 1894-'95; Sanborn District, 1896-'97; Newport, 1898-'99; Manchester, 1890; Barre, 1901-'02; Sandwich, 1903-'04; Salem (Pleasant Street), 1905-'06; Salisbury, Mass., 1907-'09; Littleton, 1870-'71; North Haverhill, 1872-'74; superannuated, 1875-'83 (residence North Haverhill); superannuated, 1887-'91 (residence Montpelier, Vt.). In 1890 he was agent for the Vermont Bible Society. In 1894 he was a delegate to the General Conference at Pittsburgh.

Brother Currier had a fine physique, a strong, well-balanced mind, a genial temperament, and a pronounced religious consciousness. His features were models of symmetry, clearness and calm-

lative force. He had a ready command of good language which he seldom used into original and sometimes delightfully apt and quaint expressions. His voice was rich and mellow; and many who read these lines will be deeply moved at the remembrance of his pathos. He was a good pastor. Young-hearted always, age forgot its infirmities and childhood its new charm wherever he entered. He was very successful in winning souls and in edifying the church. He was loyal to Methodism. He was an intelligent student of its polity, a happy observer of its progress, and a generous supporter of its institutions.

No one who heard his farewell address to his Conference, April 18, 1891, can ever forget it. Heaven's sunshine was upon him, and his soul was at ease. As he congratulated himself upon the grace that had saved him, and upon having shared in so blessed a ministerial work and fellowship, and upon the soul-raptures of this border land of his eternal inheritance, it seemed as if he could see the stakes and cords of his weather-beaten tabernacle loosed, and as if he were about to make his triumphant ascension before our eyes. All hearts were melted. Bishops, ministers, laymen, all wept as they beheld his shining face and heard his victorious shout. It was a wonderful testimony. We did not know it, but it was his dying message, and it could not have been more beautiful, fitting and complete.

Two days after the Conference closed, he went to Manchester to visit his sister, Mrs. Henderson, where he was immediately seized with pneumonia, and where, five days later, he died without a struggle. When he was first made aware of his malady, he was very anxious to be taken to his daughter's home in Montpelier, where he had been so tenderly cared for during the closing years of his life. His body was sent to Montpelier, where memorial services were held. Later on he was buried in his own family lot at Newbury, Vt. His kindred deeply mourn their loss, but they can confidently say of him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." His memory is a sweet benediction, a priceless legacy to all who knew and loved him. J. W. ADAMS.

Hinds.—An elect lady and Methodist, Mrs. Selma Adria Hinds, died in East Boston, July 25, 1890, while the writer was in Europe. She was eminently worthy of mention in *ZION'S HERALD*, if her death was not recorded at the time. Twice her pastor, I desire that her name may be printed in this column among the early Methodists of Boston who are now almost all gone.

She was born in Bow, New Hampshire, Jan. 26, 1808; was converted when about twenty years of age under the ministry of "Camp-meeting" John Allen, was married to Rev. Orlando Hinds, at Hooksett, N. H., to his oldest son, Barzillai Hinds. She came to Boston in 1844, and went with that society to Temple Street under the pastorate of Rev. Gilbert Haven. In 1871 she went with her husband to live with their son, Dr. Hinds, at Milford, N. H. Through their efforts a Methodist society was organized there, and the writer dedicated the church. Brother Hinds died October 25, 1878, and Sister Hinds came in 1879 to reside with her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Pierce, in East Boston. Though the days of the years of her pilgrimage were more than fourscore years, she was in love with life, nevertheless. Her death came on the sleep in the night—painless, peaceful, and with promise of the morning. J. W. HAMILTON.

Fowler.—David Joshua Fowler was released from excruciating suffering by death, Dec. 7, 1890. He was born in St. John, New Brunswick.

He was converted at Wickham, Queen's County, and married Anne Jane Milligan, Jan. 12, 1828, in St. John. He removed to East Boston in August, 1878, and united by letter from the Free Baptist Church with the Saratoga street church, during the pastorate of the writer. Though a member of the church in East Boston for only two or three years, he endeavored himself greatly to the members of his class and was highly esteemed by all the members of the congregation. He was constantly present in the week-night meetings which he loved to attend, and faithful to all his vows. During his long-continued illness he evinced the courage of great faith, and when approached with inquiries concerning his death he invariably replied it would be great cowardice for him to be distrustful of the Father's care when "only dying." He said, "I have believed through all my Christian life, I believe now, and I am content when my faith is required to conquer the grave." There was nothing merely Spartan or stoical in his death, but he planted the cross in great confidence at the head of his own grave, and laid his body down to await the resurrection of the last. J. W. HAMILTON.

Downing.—Emanuel Downing, a Wesleyan from England, but a "Methodist in the States," died in East Boston, Nov. 2, 1890. He was born in Milton, Devonshire, August 6, 1828. His parents were members of the Church of England, and he grew up in that church until about sixteen years of age, when he began to attend the Wesleyan prayer-meetings, in one of which he was converted. He came to America in 1850, with no capital but a trade. With his habits of industry and economy, however, he soon acquired a home and competence.

After coming to East Boston, he attended the Meridian street church for a time, but becoming interested at "the Chapel in the Fourth Street," he united with the society there, and continued to be one of its principal supporters as long as it was a Methodist church. He had been an official member of the Saratoga street church for many years previous to his death, and was one of the first trustees of the church at Orient Heights.

His interest in the education of a secular and remarkable daughter led to her graduation at Boston University, as one of the most accomplished members of her class. Her sudden and unexpected death greatly saddened his later life, but he rejoiced to go away that he might be with her forever. His death was a loss to the church, and his widow, who has been a member of the church for many years, is waiting, only waiting for the privilege to remove to their new home in which father and daughter are adored pledges and pleasures of welcome. J. W. HAMILTON.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS. Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the reply will be positive in favor. One has been cured of 12 digestion and dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for skin diseases, and bearing the conqueror's palm, inhabit the most real of all worlds, and lives the most real life in God's universe.

His early manhood was devoted to farming and to teaching in the common schools. He was converted in April, 1870, and in the July following was baptized by Rev. Marshall Foster. He was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church in his native town, in January, 1879, by Rev. N. W. Aspinwall. He was licensed to preach, May, 1880, at Cabot, Vt. Sixty-one years ago he joined the Annual Conference at Barre, Vt. He was ordained deacon in 1882 by Bishop Roberts, and in 1884 by Bishop Hedding. June 17, 1880, at Wallen, Vt., he was married to Martha Foster, who died May 4, 1882. June 14, 1884, at Barre, Vt., he was married to Mary L. Howard, who died June 15, 1893. Oct. 19, 1884, he was married to Mrs. Sarah M. Wheeler, of Newport, N. H., who died Feb. 6, 1882. By his first wife he had three children—Martha F. John W., and Ellen W. Only the latter—now Mrs. F. H. Hinkley, of Montpelier, Vt.—is living.

The appointments of Brother Currier were as follows: Lyndon and St. Johnsbury Circuit, 1880-'81; Danville, 1882; Montpelier, 1883; Danville, 1884-'85; Chelsea, 1886-'87; Rochester, 1888-'89; Barre, 1890-'91; Northfield, 1892-'93; superannuated, 1894-'95; presiding elder on Montpelier District, 1886-'89; presiding elder on Danville District, 1890-'94; Lebanon, N. H., 1894-'95; Sanborn District, 1896-'97; Newport, 1898-'99; Manchester, 1890; Barre, 1901-'02; Sandwich, 1903-'04; Salem (Pleasant Street), 1905-'06; Salisbury, Mass., 1907-'09; Littleton, 1870-'71; North Haverhill, 1872-'74; superannuated, 1875-'83 (residence North Haverhill); superannuated, 1887-'91 (residence Montpelier, Vt.). In 1890 he was agent for the Vermont Bible Society. In 1894 he was a delegate to the General Conference at Pittsburgh.

Brother Currier had a fine physique, a strong, well-balanced mind, a genial temperament, and a pronounced religious consciousness. His features were models of symmetry, clearness and calm-

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Zion's Herald.

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THE INCARNATION OF LAW.

Man is created and trained under law. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" meet him in the cradle and go with him to the grave. Nay, in all worlds he will continue the creature of law. It is stamped upon his organism and penetrates his inmost being. But there is this difference. In the initial stages of his being the law is an outward expression, in the letter; but as he advances to the higher stages of moral existence, the law is transformed into his life as a principle of action and guide in conduct. In the one case the law is outward; in the other, a motive force within. The latter is the higher form, the incarnation, as it were, of the law itself. In the first instance the law is a molding and guiding force; in the second, an inspiration. "Do you fancy a Greek workman," said Ruskin, "ever made a vase by measurement? He dashed it from his hand on the wheel and it was beautiful; and a Venetian glass-blower swept up a curve of crystal from the end of his pipe; and Reynolds or Tintoretto swept a curve of color from their pencils as the musician the cadence of a note, unerring, and to be measured, if you please, afterwards with the exactitude of divine law." The cumbersome rule is for the beginner. The saint in heaven will need no rule; the rule which guided his beginnings will be wrought into the very texture of his immortal nature. The outer law was not made for such a righteous man, but for the frail and erring to whom it is a crutch and compass. In our better condition we shall be able to dispense with these appendages.

CHRIST THE TRUTH.

The first and deepest and most universal need of mankind is the need of truth. Consider for a moment what our natural life would be, if phenomena, the things which present themselves to the senses, were false instead of true. What if you could place no dependence upon the evidence of your eyes and ears; or what if the testimony of your senses were so erratic that to-day you would behold the sun rising in the east, and to-morrow in the west, and the next day, it may be, in the south? What if you could not count with certainty upon any of the processes of nature? What if there were no truth in nature? Would not life be like some horrible dream?

To take a step farther, what if all our social life were a fabric of falsehood? What if we could never depend upon the truth of a word or the sincerity of a deed? Would not all association with our fellows become a hideous and hateful mockery, and should we not long to be quit of an environment so thoroughly false and unreal?

Now, if all the satisfaction and all the value of our lives, up to this point, depend upon truth in nature and truth in man, shall we be content to stop here and say that we can do without truth in the spiritual world? Shall we insist only upon temporal and finite truth, and willingly give up eternal and infinite truth? That were the saddest suicide of which man is capable—the self-destruction of his spiritual nature; for we live spiritually only as we live in the truth. Truth is the essence of spiritual life—it is the essence of God Himself. To live in God is to live in the truth, and to live in the truth and in God is to live in the spirit. Therefore man's yearning for truth in the spiritual life, which is the highest life, is more intense in this very proportion of its essential, eternal and divine value, than his yearning for natural truth. Man must have truth upon which to feed his spirit, or his spirit dies.

Having thus seen that man's deepest and most universal need is the need of truth, let us see how the Christ of the Gospels answers and satisfies this need. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," said Christ. In Him truth took up its abode, was incarnated, became concrete and tangible. This was the greatest need of mankind—that truth should, as it were, become visible, actual, living. Men were yearning for the perfect co-ordination of natural and social and spiritual truth. Truth in various phases had been revealed to them, but they knew not how to unite and har-

monize those phases so as to realize in them that consistent unity which we call character. Men needed a pattern, an ensemble of truth in all the beauty of its adjusted relations; truth embodied in some perfect human character, some typical man, who should reveal in himself the possibilities of the race. Such was Christ. He came to reveal the truth to men—all truth, natural, social, spiritual; the union of all truth, the perfect humanity, the perfect character.

Shall not, then, the soul of man find its longing after truth satisfied in Jesus Christ, the Son of God? Is there any problem, any doubt, any perplexity, any wavering, which the truth as it is in Christ cannot forever set right? Test every question by His life and His words. Do you wish to know the balance and adjustment of the different kinds of truth? Seek that harmony in Christ. His character was the very music of truth—three melodies, one harmony. Not a discordant note in that life from beginning to end!

Do you long to know the meaning of life? Is your soul athirst for the truth which, you believe, must underlie the mystery of disappointment and suffering and death? Come unto Him who is the truth, and He will reveal to you the secret of it all. Has any man ever found the answer to the problem elsewhere? Oh, the paths of this search for the secret of life, in philosophy, in history, in nature, in the enigma of man's own consciousness! Yet who of all the philosophers, the poets, the mystics, the scientists, has found the sweet, satisfying, peace-bringing secret of human life? All alike confess their helplessness, their blindness, their growing despair, when confronted by the awful mystery of existence. No one has ever found the solution of the problem of life outside of Christ. But—blessed thought!—all who have earnestly and sincerely sought the truth in Him have found it. The simplest, most unlettered child of God stands nearer the cherished secret of the universe than the greatest poet or the profoundest philosopher whose soul has not yet entered into the meaning of the incarnation of the Son of God.

CREMATION, DESICCATION, OR BURIAL—WHICH?

Through all the ages the dead have been buried. Here and there, embalming, or cremation, for the wealthy or the royal classes has obtained. They have been the rare exceptions, and not the rule. Even in countries where, and in periods when, these exceptions occurred, the greater part of the people have been laid in the silent earth-beds for their survivors. Thus Abraham laid his beloved Sarah to her rest "in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre; the same is Hebron, in the land of Canaan." So "Isaac gave up the ghost and died and was gathered unto his people, being old and full of days, and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him." So "Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." Burning or embalming has been a pagan usage; it was never a Jewish or a Christian practice. Christians hold that cremation diminishes reverence for the dead, and that it is apparently repugnant to the doctrine of the resurrection; it forbids to survivors the visitation of the sacred places where their dead rest; it does violence to the precious memories of the dead.

Recently, still another way of disposing of the dead has been suggested. It is that of desiccation, which consists of removing all moisture from the dead body by forcing through it heated air currents, rendering subsequent putrefaction impossible. This differs but slightly from the ancient Egyptian practice of mummifying the dead. They added to the drying process the injection of resins and aromatic substances, and wrapping the dead in linen or cotton folds. Desiccation has been selected in this country as being more likely to become popular than cremation, which has always been repugnant to the average American.

In Europe cremation has never been approved by the ordinary classes. In the International Congress of 1890, in Berlin, which sought to promote cremation, it was proposed to urge upon the civil authorities of all countries the enforcement of cremation by law—at least in densely populated cities—as a sanitary measure. This proves the unpopularity of cremation; and it proves, also, that if left to voluntary action, it can never become prevalent. A mode of treating the dead that so violates men's religious feelings, their natural instincts, or even their superstitions, as to need legal enforcement, is not likely to become general. The sentiments of respect and reverence for the dead are too deep and so universal to be trifled with and to be overcome by sumptuary enactments.

If properly done, interment in the grave is as free from objections as to sanitation as burning or desiccation. In large cities the cemetery may be so far removed from the living, and the remains may be so deeply buried, or in such way by using corallines or otherwise, as to obviate all injurious, unsanitary effects.

The religious instincts and reasons which have hitherto prevented cremation from becoming prevalent, are not likely to be less potent in the future. They hold, also, with fully equal force against desiccation as against cremation. It has been held that a few eminent examples of cremation, as in the cases of the Dukes of Bedford and of Kinglake in England, and also of Emma Abbott in this country, who were cremated pursuant to their wishes as found in their wills, will assist to overcome prejudices and to induce the new modes. We strongly dissent from this view. The time-honored, Scriptural and Christian form of burial will be kept up. Since the

incineration of the Duke of Bedford's remains, ugly rumors have been current that he was poisoned. If a body having been burned, the detection of the cause of his death, by chemical tests, is made impossible—another strong argument against cremation.

THE REVIVAL OF THE HUMANE SENTIMENTS.

One of the most hopeful features of our age is the re-awakening of an interest in the fortunes and misfortunes of the less favored classes. There are great social evils abroad, to be sure. Perhaps we less frequently think that it is a hopeful sign that we are able to realize and deplore them. The discovery is the first step towards the conquest of social evils and wrongs. A hundred and fifty years ago the English-speaking people, with noble exceptions, were dead to them. The people, as we now know them, were unrecognized, and, as it were, undiscovered. "The submerged tenth" was a *terra incognita*, as really strange to the ruling class as Central Africa or Nova Zembla. The sense of feeling for them did not exist. The sympathy for the unfortunate, the poor, the fallen, the reaching down after the perishing classes, the care even for brutes that perish, form features of our own time totally strange to the generations back of us. The savagery and cruelty of the Middle Ages we are with difficulty able to realize even in flights of imagination. Men had no feeling for the classes below them, and were hence unconcerned at their privations and sufferings. This condition prevailed to a much later date than we usually suppose.

The beginning of the upward movement is traceable to the labors of the Wesleys and their associates. The revival of religion, awakening in large classes a sense of the Divine favor, aroused the moral nature; thus affording a fresh instance of the union of true religion and divine charity. Lifted into conspiousness by Christ, they began to feel the stirring of sympathies for the less favored of their fellow-men, the broadening of the bonds of kinship with the race. With whatever was human they began, as never before, to feel a concern and to reach forth a hand to help those most in need, such as the sick, the poor, and the prisoner. In this great work the Wesleys found their true sympathies. The upper classes ridiculed their attempts, and so far from lending a hand, stirred the rabble, too far down to know their real degradation or to appreciate the help extended to them, to raise mobs. The real cause of this sad state of things was the deadness of the humanitarian sense in the leading people. The rights, the worth, of the masses were not appreciated. They were regarded as many white people regard the colored millions in our land—as one remove from the brutes, and without the capability of elevation from their low condition. The change in public sentiment is seen in all the benevolent movements of the age. The rich build hospitals and endow charities for the poor. The churches reach out toward every heathen tribe. The Christian world, which had only stones for Wesley, rises in sympathy with the leader of the Salvation Army as he opens the seals to London's submerged humanity. Gen. Booth reaps the advantage of what had gone before. Other men labored, in reviving better religious and benevolent sentiment, and he enters into their labors. In this heritage of the past all the leaders in current reform share. They have a leverage in public opinion which was unknown to their predecessors.

The advance and hope of the race is seen in this quickened sense of human suffering and want. The suffering is no greater, indeed not so great, as in the ages past; our sense of it is keener and our step is immensely accelerated in the effort to administer relief. Great as may be the social evils in a nation, there is always encouragement to hope for a better condition while efforts are put forth to reform. The case of no man is so hopeless as when he is satisfied with his vices, or fails to see them. The nation which will not master its vices and correct its wrongs must perish, as most of the great nations have done in the past ages. The hope of the American people lies in their desire of improvement, in their earnest attempts to conquer their vices, and to lift themselves upon a higher moral plane.

"Our Editors."

Our readers have become pleasantly familiar with the name of Rev. Dr. Amant. He is the minister's best and most helpful ally. We are much gratified by the response which have reached us expressing interest in the discussion of the question of Methodist journalism which has recently had place in these columns. A communication from the study of Rev. A. Inwood, D. D., in the busy and aggressive city of Seattle, contains so many important and practical suggestions, that we gladly afford our readers the privilege of reading the letter:—

"Perhaps a few words from a distant brother among the Methodists may not be out of place. Right glad am I that you are taking hold of this question. Many of our pastors feel the force of the fact you call attention to—the inferiority of much of our church literature. And here, parenthetically, I want to thank you for the richly-filled columns of the *Herald* from week to week. Its abundant supply makes one long for it as one thinks over this matter during the past few months especially. I have been impressed with what seems to me a very great mistake in our Methodistism—the starting and half-sustaining of so many poor, weak, sickly papers. Local pride (and sometimes local jealousy), forgetting the connection of Methodism and the necessity of its standing in the forefront in everything, and especially in the business aspects of this matter, must have its local organ, under what seems to me a false impression as to local peculiarities and local needs. Possibly this may not be so true of the East as of this distant West, where every conference must have its conference organ—weak, struggling, inefficient, as it must necessarily be. Has not the time come when in this, as possibly in many other things, we are to learn the wisdom of consolidation? Successful journalism must have brains and brains demand capital, and capital is not to be had in large amounts here, and this is impossible to a local journal. If there is to come this improvement in Methodist journalism (and may the day of its springing be near), let us have a list of the best of our papers so as to bring about a consolidation of our papers so as to bring about a financial strength to command superior literary talent. Here on this Pacific coast are three Methodist Episcopal journals—*the Pacific*, *the Western*, and *the Oregonian*. I presume they are as good as they can be under the circumstances; but neither of them is the paper needed for this coast. The *Pacific* cost problems—peculiar types of current life, peculiar difficulties and peculiar opportunities. We need, therefore, one strong organ that shall deal with the problems and do so in such a way as to command attention. We cut our fields into too small pieces, and thereby weaken our strength. We are with the *Herald* in the opinion of the times. I very earnestly hope that, in your discussion of this question, some such movement towards consolidation may be begun in our Methodist journalism."

The Atlantic Cable.

The completion of the Atlantic telegraphic cable just twenty five years ago (July 27) was one of the most memorable events of a century abounding in marvels. The cable was the marriage bond of the continents. The three thousand miles of the Atlantic were canceled. Henceforth the two great land masses of Europe and America were to be separated by an imaginary line. The nations of either side for the first time heard each other breathe and felt each other's heart beats. A whisper was heard around the globe.

In this great work the name of Cyrus W. Field was indissolubly connected with that of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. The one taught the cold metal to speak; the other performed the apparently more hopeless task of transmitting the message under the deep seas. The public held it to be impossible. The expense, the liability to accident from the rough sea bottom and the storms, and the unworkability of the telegraph under these conditions, furnished an answer to his most sanguine proposals. It could not be. The craze was on the man who under took it. The speaking into the moon was only a grain more incredible than the speaking with London under the ocean. The incredulity of the hour will be recalled by all who have gone beyond the fifties. It was amazing. It was the incredulity of assurance. It could not be, and that was the end of it.

In the face of all this popular unbelief Cyrus W. Field had the assurance of faith. He saw the promise of the telegraph. It was his task to demonstrate before the eyes of an unbelieving generation the practicability of the impossible. The task was by no means an easy one. Capital was shy. The practical sense of slow business men was not easily carried by such vagaries. The uncertain elements in the problem so far outweighed the certain, that men hesitated to undertake its solution. The projector besieged all the money kings on both sides the water who had a few thousand to expend in curious experiments, and was so successful that he laid the first cable. A few messages were sent, when the instrument became dumb. The cable, as had been anticipated, snapped in mid-ocean. The impossibility had now been demonstrated to his hand. The war came, and nothing could be done. But Field did not lose hope. He kept on rapport with the capitals of London and New York. In 1865 he began again with a better cable; but when the "Great Eastern" had paid out twelve hundred miles, the cable snapped, and the taunts and jeers of both continents—"I told you so!"

The calm assurance of Mr. Field all this time was refreshing. He was not a doubter. The next year (1866) the cable was again laid, and has been operated successfully ever since. The triumph of this courageous man was complete. It is a gratifying circumstance that he lives, at the end of a quarter of a century, to witness the completeness of the revolution wrought by his undertaking. Submarine telegraphs now extend through all seas, completing the network of wires over the whole globe. The ends of the earth are brought together as in a great whispering gallery.

The successful laying of the Atlantic cable was the final demonstration of the possibility of submarine telegraphy. The cable from New York to London made all other cables in the most distant seas practicable, and the work at once went forward. Perhaps no event of the century has been more fruitful of results in the social, political and economic world than the laying of this cable. As nothing else in human history, it has made the world a unit. The events of the world are brought to the newspaper office each day. We read speeches before they are delivered in London, Paris or India, and have the details of battles before they are fought. Members of families scattered over the continents can talk with each other as though they were in adjoining rooms. The marine telegraph has done more for the merchant. It used to take the importer a year to hear from India. The Boston merchant now buys his goods in Calcutta by telegraph. He will close the bargain in twelve hours, and in thirty days his goods will be landed in Boston by fast steamers coming by way of the Suez Canal. India is nearer to us now than New York was fifty years ago. The marvels of all the Arabian tales are surpassed by those of electricity.

The Outlook in Hawaii.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands are slowly but surely yielding to the pressure of other and tougher races. For the first time, in the census of 1890, they are outnumbered by the foreign element. The census of 1884 gave 80,000 population; that of 1890, 90,000—an advance of 10,000 in six years. The gain is totally foreign. Of the 90,000, only 40,000 are native and mixed. Of the foreign-born, 15,000 are Chinese, 13,000 Japanese, 9,000 Portuguese, and only 2,000 English-speaking. The native element decreased in the six years 14 per cent., while the mixed blood made a gain of 7 per cent.

The property of the islands is largely in the hands of the 33,000 of the foreign-born. The full 30,000 are owned by foreigners; and the race is rapidly growing no better for the native. The energy, the purpose, the knowledge of business, the greed of gain, are with the new-comers. The native is being crowded into a corner, and is already so far under the dog as to make his financial resources next to impossible. The scale is already turned too far against him to be redressed. Though the American is not the most numerous, he is among the most influential of the new-comers. The millions at his command tell against the weight of numbers as he comes "on change."

The government is already partially under foreign control. The 15,000 voters elect two houses of 24 members each. The upper house is elected under a property qualification of \$6,000, at an annual income of \$600, in addition to an educational qualification. Of course the Senate thus chosen is foreign, even though the Chinese and Japanese do not vote. The lower house, chosen by a slight educational test, is yet native. The real determining power in the nation is in the wealth which votes, and in the shape of public measures in every department of the government. The wealth-producing enterprises are in foreign control, largely American and English.

The facts here recited determine the political future of the islands. They must gravitate more and more to the continent beside which they are anchored. American wealth will demand and receive American protection. The native domination will soon be ended. The question will soon be between America and some European nation; and when it comes to that, Americans will not be long in deliberating. No European government can be allowed to set up on this side the sea. In their present possessions they are not to be disturbed; they must not presume any further by fresh conquests or purchases from the native holders.

The natives, so far from exercising control, can be hardly considered a factor in this problem of the Pacific. They are a vanishing quantity. Each decade is to lessen their relative importance, until in their own land they are erasing to make little more real power than the Indian holds on the American mainland. Their blood is leprous. The vices of heathenism had eaten into bone and muscle; the basis of firm manhood is sapped. The stock is too feeble to stand the pressure, or to admit the polish, of an advanced and vigorous civilization. In its present race, the native is being absorbed, to be gradually yielded and perish. Feebler growths cannot maintain themselves in the presence of the giant oaks and pines. They are overshadowed, and the elements of soil and atmosphere, on which they depend for existence, are monopolized. The native is being crowded out of the land, in the animal and spiritual, not less than in the vegetable world. The natives of Hawaii have ceased to advance; the ebb tide in the national life is to have no flow.

The early promise of the missions fails of a full realization. The schools have done much; the pastors have preached a faithful Gospel; but decay had proceeded too far before they came, to admit of complete restoration. The people are indolent and improvident; the energy of high manhood is wanting; the lofty purpose of the Gospel is imperious in the mass of the people. In the race for education, position, wealth, they are distanced by the foreigner. In the ranks of labor, the native falls to the rear, or more frequently falls out altogether, and is content to live as a hushman rather than an industrial soldier. The foreigner owns the plantations, the sugar mills, factories and stores; the native is a mental in the coarser industries, capable of earning, even in these inferior positions, considerable money, but incapable of keeping it. The one thousand students, who have been educated in Oahu College, tell well for the nation; but what Hawaii wants below the school and beyond it, are intellectual stamina and capacity and enthusiasm for industry. To translate a man into the kingdom of heaven will never of itself make him a successful citizen of this world-a-day world. The gospel of work must go with the gospel of salvation, and this latter was too long neglected by the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. Hence our hope in the case consists largely of the element of desire and less of that of expectation.

PERSONALS.

Messrs. Heins and La Farge are selected as the architects for the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York city.

Longfellow as a poet is a great favorite with Gladstone. The ex-Premier often requests that his poems be read to him.

Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D., of the Philadelphia Conference, has received the degree of LL. D. from Mt. Union College—a worthily bestowed honor.

George A. Cox, Ph. D., who spent last year in Germany as Jacob Steiner Fellow of Boston University, has just been appointed to the chair of philosophy in Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Rev. Dr. Leach, pastor of Howard Street M. E. Church, San Francisco, has four persons in his congregation who will each support a native preacher in India; another lady will build a church for native converts in the same field.

The grave of Barbara Freiche in the German Reformed Church cemetery, near Frederick, Md., is marked simply with a headstone bearing her name, age, and "1862." There is a tangle of briars and creeping vines running wild over the mound.

The New York Sun states that Gladstone receives a thousand dollars for each of his contributions to the press. His financial resources are limited, and he is compelled to write for the income which it brings. It is not the least of the credentials of his greatness that he is comparatively poor.

When Professor Drummond, author of "The Greatest Thing in the World," left Japan, the native ministers gave him a message for Europe. It was brief, but pregnant: "Send us no more doctors; we are tired of them. Send us Christ." In that sentence, not Japan, but the whole world, expresses its deepest need.

Rev. J. H. Worcester, D. D., of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, has been elected by the trustees of Union Theological Seminary, New York, professor of systematic theology, to fill the chair made vacant by Professor Shedd, which Prof. L. F. Stearns, of Bangor, declined, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke accepted, but died shortly after.

Among the callers at our office the past week we were glad to welcome Rev. G. W. Goodell, of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly of Vermont Conference; Rev. H. H. French, of Minneapolis, Minn., late of New Hampshire Conference; Rev. D. A. Jordan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., well known in the New England South Conference; and Mr. Allison P. Smith, of the Springfield Homestead.

G. H. Hastings thoughtfully sends the following note from Danielsonville, Conn.:—"The readers of *Zion's Herald* will be pained to learn of the illness of Rev. Geo. W. Brewster (superintendency), of the N. E. Southern Conference, who resides in Danielsonville. He has been falling for several months, and is now very low. His condition causes much anxiety among the people of Danielsonville, by whom he is greatly beloved. Bro. Brewster has served the church long and well, both in the pastorate and in the presiding eldership."

The proposition that Boston shall erect a statue to Theodore Parker recalls that unique apostrophe to Jesus which he once uttered, in which these words have place:—"We can learn but few facts about Jesus. But measure him by the shadow He has cast into the world, and by the light He has shed upon it, and shall we be told that such a man never lived—that the whole story is a lie? Suppose that Plato and Newton never lived, that their story is a lie; but who did their work and thought their thoughts? It takes a Newton to force a Newton. What would we have fabricated a Jesus? None but a Jesus!"

Browning could not write with the finish and ease of his wife. He would agonize over, however, in regard to what he termed her "creative genius." On one occasion he writes:—"Can't you imagine a clever sort of an angel who plots and plans and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—above you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you up a little star—that is the difference between us."

John C. Ropes has a very interesting and discriminating article on General Sherman in the current *Atlantic Monthly*. Old impressions are happily revived in the following paragraph:—"In truth, the 'March to the Sea,' as Sherman has calculated it would be, was a public attention to the exclusion of everything else. Its novelty and audacity, the ease with which it had been conducted, the demonstration which it made of the superior power of the North, filled the public mind with exultation and hope. The imagination of the people was captivated. Sherman became the hero of the hour."

Rev. C. S. Rogers, D. D., in his able address before the New England Methodist Historical Society, remarks:—"The spirit of early Methodism was preeminently self-sacrificing. True, it was stripped of all personal ambition. The noble men who laid the foundations of New England Methodism, if they were saved from a carnal mind, were not without some positive elements of human nature. It is a matter of history that Jesse Lee and Ezekiel Cooper 'par nobis fratrum' were not always in the sweetest accord in the administration of early New England Methodism. Evidence is required all the wisdom and grace of Bishop Asbury to constrain these two methodists to pull steadily in the same harness. Men of such positive convictions and fiery zeal were not always easily controlled. But these were only the accidents of really noble and generous lives. We forget the accidents when we remember the glorious background of unselfish devotion in which they are set; their arduous labors, their fragrant life, their beggarly remuneration."

Dr. Dale, in his recently published book, "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels," tells of a Japanese gentleman, of considerable intellectual culture and great mental activity and vigor, who gave him the following account of how he became a Christian. He had been a Confucianist, but could not find in Confucius any clear, satisfying teaching on the subject of God, though he sought for it eagerly. While thus unsatisfied and perplexed under the ambiguities of the great sage of China, a friend gave him a Chinese Bible, asking him to read it, and assuring him that the translation was an achievement of scholarship, and possessed of very great literary merit. "I found he was right," the translation is admirable. I read page after page until I came to the 13th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning, 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' I read the whole chapter. I was arrested, fascinated. I had never seen, or heard, or dreamed of a morality like that. I felt that it was above the reach of the human race, that it must have come from heaven, that the man who wrote that chapter must have received light from God—from God, about whose existence I had been speculating. And then I read the Gospel of St. John, and the words of Christ filled me with wonder. They were not to be resisted. I could not refuse Him my faith."

Dr. Theodore L. Flood, in a very interesting article in the *Chautauqua* for August, on "Old Chautauqua," has this happy allusion to the late Dr. B. K. Peirce:—"That man of mild spirit, Dr. Bradford Peirce, came from his editorial sanctum in Boston to visit Chautauqua in '76. He always tried to silence me in any company where he was, I essayed to test my experience on the Washington railway. 'Try as you will,' he said, 'you will not get the Doctor and I ascended Mount Washington on the railroad; on the way, while crossing Jacob's Ladder, he stood on the top of the mountain and looked across the deep ravine below, he said, 'I now know what the "great gulf fixed" means.'"

The next day being the Sabbath, he addressed a large congregation in a church at Whitefield, when he told the people, 'Yesterday I stood on the platform of a car coming down over Jacob's Ladder, and felt like raising my hands and saying, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." Until I heard that, utterance, I did not know he was so badly frightened. He said, 'His sermon in Miller Park, at Chautauqua, on "Going forth sowing seed and weeping," I had already heard some times, but his deliverance on the occasion impressed me far more powerfully than ever before. I have often thought he must have then reached the climax of his pulpit power, no calm and fervent, impressive and pathetic practical and Scriptural, he seemed like a man who was strangely gifted for the hour. He swayed his congregation on the platform in the auditorium, for there were people everywhere; he stamped his message on thousands of human souls, and the occasion lives in the memory of the multitude, as a mountain stands in a beautiful landscape. It was his first and last visit to that shrine, but the memory of the scene still abides."

Amelia B. Edwards writes with charming frankness in the August *Arena* upon the subject assigned to her by the editor—"My Home Life." To those who were so fortunate as to hear her in her lectures on Egyptology in her recent visit to this country, the contribution will be especially interesting. So fascinating and instructive is her account of her library and favorite volumes, that we quote it for our readers:—"Sitting thus at my desk, the room to me is full of reminiscences of many friends and many places. The walls are lined with glazed book-cases containing the volumes which I have been slowly amassing from the time I was fourteen or fifteen years of age. I cast my eyes around the shelves, and I recognize in their contents the different lines of study which I have pursued at different periods in my life. Like the geological strata in the side of a cliff, they show the deposits of successive periods, and remind me, not only of the changes which my own literary tastes have undergone, but also of the various

literary undertakings in which I have been from time to time engaged. The shelves devoted to the British poets carry me back to the time when I read them straight through, without a break, from Chaucer to Tennyson. A large number of histories of England, works of British biography are due to a letter press to "The Photographic Portraits Gallery"—a very beautiful publication illustrated with photographs of historical personages, which, when I reached a second volume, and is now, I believe, the latest issue when I first became determined to read the classic antiquities. To this phase also belong the beginnings of those archaeological studies which I have of late years accumulated almost to the exclusion of all other books, as well as my collection of volumes upon Homer, which nearly fill one division of a book case.

"When I left London some six or seven years ago to settle at Westbury-on-Trym, I added to my library a large number of volumes on the fine arts, feeling, as every lover of pictures must do, that it was necessary to have or another, to make up for the loss of the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and other delightful places which I had passed nearly all my life in. I collected the engraved works of which I believe I possess nearly all. I think I may say the same of Samuel Prout, or of the illustrations of Homer; and of European historical works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books, too, I have pretended to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old books, including a first edition of the *Annals of the Venetian Republic*, and some fine examples of the *Reliquiae Bethanienae*, I soon found, however, that I was not a collector, but a reader. I have almost as many editions as I have volumes of Homer; and of European historical works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books, too, I have pretended to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old books, including a first edition of the *Annals of the Venetian Republic*, and some fine examples of the *Reliquiae Bethanienae*, I soon found, however, that I was not a collector, but a reader. I have almost as many editions as I have volumes of Homer; and of European historical works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books, too, I have pretended to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old books, including a first edition of the *Annals of the Venetian Republic*, and some fine examples of the *Reliquiae Bethanienae*, I soon found, however, that I was not a collector, but a reader. 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Ashbury Grove, Mass., July 31, 1901.

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The Family.

"TILL HE COMES."

[To Miss Jennie Caseday.]

"A beautiful time for the harvest,"
Said Pauline, the reaper, one day,
"My sheaves shall be moist and golden
When the Master cometh this way.
My place is where grain is ripest,
And my hands are young and strong,
Nor care I for heat and labor
As I sing the reaper's song:
Gathering, gathering for the King,
Hands may grow weary, but glad hearts sing
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
And she paused in her happy haste
"Here, for want of a skillful reaper,
Rise grain was going to waste.
"Pauline, leave that reaping untried,
And come now aside with me."
Was the Master's word of greeting;
"I something would say to thee."
And she heard the happy ringing
Of the reapers in their singing:
"Till He comes."

"Wait here, and help on the harvest,"
Were the Master's strange commands,
When she reached a lonely corner,
And folded her arms in prayer.
She waited in painful silence,
Waiting with weary heart,
For how could she help the reapers
If she did not do her part?
"Thy beautiful grain is falling,
Pauline, leave that reaping untried,
Thou wilt have nothing but chiding
When He comes."

Her heart was heavy with sorrow,
And desolate was her cry,
"Oh, why, when I love the Master,
Am I like a weed thrown by,
I left the world and its treasures,
Nor needed a moment's rest,
To take my place with the reapers,
And now all my life is lost.
Never more will I be singing,
Where the grain is springing,
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
"The harvest is Mine, not mine;
If waiting gives me rest and peace,
Surely thou needst not repine.
Another has taken thy sickle;
It only is left to thee
To see, in this lone, hidden corner,
What work can be done for Me.
There can be no hands so weary,
But that all may help in reaping,
Golden sheaves with happy singing
When He comes."

So she smiled, and gave a welcome
To Pauline, who would be her guest;
Then Pauline and sweet submission
Came soon with their peaceful rest.
With their hands, in her shadowed corner,
Like stars through the evening gloom,
There sprang for Pauline fading blossoms,
That filled every spot with bloom.
Then the Master came so often
It was called a holy place,
And the busy reapers lingered
For more love and lowly grace.
And they went their way singing,
"We will all be reapers bringing
When He comes."

"Thou canst plan for the busy gleaners,"
Pauline heard the Master say,
And she joyfully took her message
And said, when one came her way,
"Take flowers to the darkened prison,
And blossoms to the bed of pain,
And blossoms to weary mothers,
Thy labor will not be vain.
They needed her gentle bidding,
And fragrance to their weary where,
And tired eyes were uplifted,
While sad hearts were saved despair.
In her quiet room came ringing
Back the echo of their singing,
"Till He comes."

"'Tis time that the sheaves be garnered,"
Said the Master when he had come,
And the reapers in the gloaming
Were all singing their harvest home.
Then Pauline beheld with wonder,
As they entered the sunset gate,
Her name on sheaves rich and golden
That were garnered early and late.
And the Master smiled approval,
"He said, when she meekly came,
"Time is the crown of the toiler."
Who gathered for Me in thy name."
And the bells of heaven were ringing,
While the angel choir was singing,
"He has come."

—MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ, in Union Signal.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

We are never shut out from service and testimony; the most ordinary events of life are sufficient to display the love and power of God. No matter if enclosed by ungenial surroundings, no matter if the door is shut. We are ever gathering or scattering—God's service is not all in the sight of man.—*Anna Shipston.*

The foul dregs lie at the bottom of the vessel. Who does not know that the golden cup of sin is filled with the most nauseous ingredients? Sinner, that which is now like a rose flourishing in your bosom, will in a very little time be like a poisoned dagger at your breast. Poor soul, beware of those embraces which are but signals of destruction. While such a Judas kiss, he kills. While the hyacinths round the oak, it eats out its sap.—*William Stecker.*

"Lord, save us, we perish!" was a very brief prayer, but it brought its answer. And so we, in like manner, may go through our warfare and work, and day by day as we encounter sudden bursts of temptation may meet them with sudden jets of petition, and thus put out their fires. And the same help avails for long continuing as for sudden needs. Some of us may have to carry lifelong burdens, and to fight in a battle ever renewed. It may seem as if our cry was not heard, since the enemy's assault is not weakened nor our power to bear it perceptibly increased. But the appeal is not in vain, and when the fight is over, if not before, we shall know what reinforcements of strength to our weakness were due to our poor cry entering into the ears of the Lord of Hosts. No other "name" is permissible as our plea or our receipt of our prayer. In and on the name of the Lord we must call, and if we do, anything is possible rather than that promise, which was claimed for the church and referred to Jesus in the very first Christian preaching on Pentecost, should not be fulfilled—"Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Dr. A. MacLaren.*

There's not an hour but from some sparkling beach
Joyful men, in fragile boats, sail
By unknown seas to unknown lands. They hail
The freshening winds with eager hope and speech
Of wondrous countries which they soon will reach.
Left on the shore, we wave our hands, with pale
We cheeks, but hearts that are ashamed to quail
Or own the grief which selfishness would teach.
O death! the fairest lands beyond thy way
Lie waiting, and thy barkings are swift and stanch
And ready. Why do we reluctant launch?
And when our friends their happy fate have claimed
Of thee, and entered on it, rich and free,
Oh! why of sorrow are we not ashamed?
—*Helien Jackson.*

A genuine depression of spirits, the result of religious doubts, or real calamity, is worthy of our tenderest sympathy; but this never shows itself in fidgety, querulous loquacity. Poor Cowper "haunted all through the night season" by fears he wrestled against with strong prayers and tears; John Bunyan in jail feeling "as if the sun that shone in the heavens did grudge to give him light," were not worrying; they were drinking of that same cup that was drained to the dregs on Mount Calvary. Though God had slain these men, they would have trusted in Him.

Worriers live under a far lower sky. They are those cowards that they will not even trust God unless upon "good security." Now faith casts a kind of honor upon God; it

shows that we believe in His goodness, and trust in His care; but worrying tells Him to His face that either His will to do us good, or His power, is wanting. Yet to argue with worriers is little use; convince them at every point, and they will settle down the next hour into the old vaporing, aggravating credo.

What remains for them? They must pray to God and help themselves. No one is justified in encouraging a fussy, tormenting anxiety about trifles. Egotism and selfishness are at the bottom of it. If they will remember that there is no cause why they should be exempt from the little vexations common to humanity, and which are part of the universal scheme of things relating to the great circumference—life—they will get at once on to higher ground. For even if their depression continue, it is humanized when it is no longer selfish and purely personal. Those who have known great calamities, real heart-breaking losses and griefs, are not worriers. The presence of a great sorrow hushes all fretful complaining. Little things "don't signify" when the home is breaking up, or the grave is open.—*AMELIA E. BARR, in Christian World (London).*

THE CONVERSATIONAL BORE.

REV. GEO. S. BUTTERS.

I HAVE in mental possession a series of pictures which I have been wont to call the "Photographs of an Itinerant." To an artist they might not be considered the best, but in photography to-day the amateur is an important factor, and he takes as much pleasure in his own album as in the finer work of the professional. More than that, he does not hesitate to show his pictures to his friends. They appear interested, and while, without being critical, they notice defects in development and finish, yet they are really more interested in the picture than in the art. Here is one which may interest you, although the features are not very clearly defined. There is really a secret about that, but you surmise that it was taken on a cloudy day, or that ministerial duties or the resources of the camera prevented my making it as complete as I planned.

"Who is this man?" did you ask? He is a character. I suppose I ought to spell it with a capital C, but I must not tell my secret. He is a conversationalist by profession, but gossipals call him a "talker." He is related to the Bore family, and writes that term in the middle of his full name. He is a little conceited because his half brother, a son by a second marriage, has entered the ministry. He always refers to him, not as "Brother Ichabod," but as the "Rev. Mr. Auger." I know very little of the preacher except that I have met him with his brother, and he informed me that he was to be chairman of the reception committee at the next family reunion. He commenced to tell some of the bright things he was going to say as he introduced people, but I had to hurry for my train, or I said so; but my watch must have been fast, for I found after leaving him that I had forty-five minutes in which to reach the depot, and I usually take but twelve or fifteen for that walk.

I was telling you about the picture. It was taken when his mouth was closed, so that you cannot see that his "tongue is hung in the middle." Physicians say that is a family trait which cannot be counterfeited. You notice that muscular development on the side of his jaw? "Brought on by eating?" No, indeed! He is a light eater. He would rather talk any time. He says: "Americans eat too fast and do not indulge enough in happy conversation while at the table." The last time I heard him say that, my brother groaned, and he asked him if he was in pain, and Charles replied that his "ear ached and wished we would excuse him."

"Is he good?" did you remark? Yes, very good. At some times better than others. Unlike the rest of us, he is the best when he is most tired. I would not have you infer that he is silent at such times. He thinks that silence is his besetting sin, and he does not intend to be overcome by it. He even talks in his sleep. He believes he has a mission, but he never dreamed that it was to give others an opportunity to cultivate patience. To people who look upon conversation as a means of passing so much time, his peculiarity is not so disagreeable, but there are not many of us who have not a higher use for our spare moments. To a man of brains and earnestness a little leisure is an opportunity to be prized. Conversation in that period is serious business. The tired mind needs a change and rest; some half-matured plan is to be thoroughly thought out; but this talkative friend sees that you are apparently unemployed, and he rushes to your side to tax your strength and patience.

He said he "saw that you were all alone and that 'poor company was better than none.'" You have but little interest in what he says, and wonder that he does not see it, but he is wound up and must run on until the train stops. You were feeling very well when you entered the car, but before you reach home you find that your strength is nearly exhausted, and your wife asks "if you have had an unusually busy day." You are glad to sit down at your own table, and in your blessing you do not forget to thank God for the rest and quiet of your own fireside. You plan to devote the evening to your wife and children, and you tell them that after dinner you will read aloud from some favorite author. Your family always consider this a treat, and you enjoy it as much as they. The treasured volume is in your hand, and you are listening to the music of your own voice, when the servant announces that your companion on the train has brought his wife to spend the evening. You greet him rather formally, but he gives you a hand a warm grasp, and salutes you with: "I noticed that you were so interested in what I was telling you on the cars, that I thought I had better run over this evening and give you a little more information."

Was not that man "bored" who asked, "Is life worth living?" You feel like asking the same question, but you silently pray for "more grace," and try to be as gentlemanly as possible. As he continues to talk you are reminded of what Holmes has written: "There are men whom it weakens to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do." You never tried fasting for that length of time, although you believe in it, but you would gladly undertake it to be rid of that evening's talk. The same literary authority has said: "It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation."

The clock strikes nine, and you wish that he would launch his bark on the "great ocean of out-doors," but after your hinted help in that movement, and when you think him launched, he continues to "hug the shore" of your home and appears ready to anchor there for the night. He may have been kind, but not the kind you like. He tried to do good, but the benefit had some evil mingled with it. He will never be thoroughly appreciated, but he has the advantage in that he appreciates himself.

I do not feel quite satisfied with the picture, because it was so hard to get him when his features were at rest. I had said, "All ready!" several times, and just then he thought of something he wanted to say, and of course I had to listen. He may not look natural as I have photographed him, but I thought perhaps I could give you some idea of him, so that if he happened to come your way you could govern yourself accordingly. "Does he look like?" I never said so. The photograph is really a composite, and perhaps has a resemblance to several of us if we had others' eyes.

Bom. So have I heard on Africa's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar.
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Arlanz. So have I heard on Africa's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar.
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—The real name of "Octave Thonet," the novelist, is Alice French, and her home is in Iowa.

Mrs. Grimwood is the second woman who has ever received the Royal Red Cross, the other having been Florence Nightingale. It is a crimson cross bordered with gold, and is fastened to a dark blue ribbon with a red edge. Upon the cross are the words, "Faith, Hope, Charity."

Miss Mildred Howells, the clever young daughter of the well-known author, contributed a quaint little poem to *St. Nicholas* for July, entitled "Song of Folly." She herself furnished the illustrations.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, the well-known writer, public speaker, and past national president W. R. C., becomes one of the editors of *Home and Country*.

Miss Anna A. Fisher, A. M., has been elected by the trustees of Denver University to the Mary Lowe Dickinson professorship of belles lettres, and also to be director of the college for young ladies.

Rosetta Douglass Sprague, a daughter of Frederick Douglass, makes an earnest, spirited appeal, through the *Washington Pilot*, to the young colored women graduates, and urges them to make themselves felt in "this age of woman's endeavor," for the advancement of their race. "We want a feeling of belonging to the American womanhood," she says, with infinite pride and pathos.

Frau Aders, the Florence Nightingale of Germany, died at Elberfeld recently in her 78th year. She was chief of the Women's Union of the Fatherland, and one of the Lutheran Women's Union for nursing and succoring the sick and the poor. She also founded the children's hospital in Elberfeld. For her services in the Franco-Prussian war she received many decorations.

Over 4,000 pictures were sent to the committee in charge of the exhibition of amateur photographers of all lands recently held in Vienna. Out of this number 600 were deemed worthy of contest for the prizes. An American woman, Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, of Chicago, was fortunate in having four of her pictures accepted to be hung among the 600, and a request was sent to her for copies of the four, to be placed on permanent exhibition at the royal art gallery, as well as copies for presentation to the Empress as patroness of the display.

The practical training bestowed at Rosemary Hall, the lately established school for girls at Wallingford, Conn., was illustrated at their late Commencement exercises. A silver-mounted whip was offered as a prize to the one of four girl graduates who could harness a horse in the shortest time. Maria Hazard, of Providence, R. I., harnessed her horse in four minutes and thirty seconds, and won the prize.

SUMMER BOARDERS.

And What They Leave Behind Them.

LINGERING in the country after the "city folks" were gone, I had an opportunity of realizing all that these summer people do for the quiet country homes and their inmates. The first revelation came through that too familiar song, "Annie Rooney." Some one was singing it, when the hostess said:—

"That is 'Annie Rooney,' isn't it? I never heard it till our boarders came; they sang it every day and all the time, till we got to knowing it."

The question came to my mind, did not we city people, with all our musical advantages, know some melody more exalting to introduce into these receptive minds?

The young boy, mowing the weeds in the fence corner, and stopping to wipe his wet brow, dropped from his pocket a worn magazine. It contained one of Ingersoll's profane addresses. Surprised to find it in the possession of such a boy, the question came involuntarily:—

"Do you read Ingersoll, Mr. Dick?"

"I never heard of him till this summer. Mr. Brown, of your city, was here a short time. He got lots of mail, and handed this to me one day because I went for his mail. It is about worn out now, I've read it so much. It's queer, but spicy."

Mr. Brown is a philanthropist when at home—a free-hearted man, with a warm magazine. It contained one of Ingersoll's profane addresses. Surprised to find it in the possession of such a boy, the question came involuntarily:—

Sunday morning brings out another memory of the summer time, when all the family dress themselves for church, and the carriage goes away filled.

"Yes, we got to going again. We had given it up some, but we had some people here who couldn't settle down to stay at home from church, and either I or husband had to drive for them, and then the children had a curiosity to go, so we just kept on going, for it seemed as easy as to go."

Another lady had left her sign manual in a recipe for good yeast bread, which had replaced the daily presence of hot "light" bread, seldom light. I was told that "mother" thought she did not have the headache so much now as she used to have when eating hot bread.

So one may glean every year from the harvest of words and deeds which the summer people sow broadcast so thoughtlessly. Perhaps some time we shall know what the "city folks" find beside rest and country air.—*CLARA ROSANNA BUSH, in New York Observer.*

COMMON MISTAKES.

HOW many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by reason of clipping and mousing, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them everywhere, and they lay the accent on the first instead of on the second syllable of accented words, for example, they pronounce the second syllable of acoustics, coo, instead of cow; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of adept, as they should do; they leave the u sound out of buoy; they pronounce dew; with the sound of oo instead of the simple long u; emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of ornate; and sound the f in often. They are astonished to know that precedence has the accent on the second syllable, and placard on the last; that quay is called key; that tough is suf; that the u instead of u; that subtle and subtle are two different words; that the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tis" instead of "tus"; that it should be used not; and that it is not the "zoo," but the zoological gardens where one goes to see the chimpanzees, and not the chimpanzee. It is quite time, we think, when we hear one of these talkers, for some of the fancy work and fancy studies of the day to be dropped, and a little hard work on the dictionary put in their place.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Little folks.

WHAT WAS IT?

Guess what he had in his pocket.
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys.
A broken apple, a leathern ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe, and a rusty screw,
A brass watch key, broken in two,
A fish hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken handle,
A nail or two and a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Bef re he knew it slyly kept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole!

—SUNDEY DAYNE, in N. Y. Independent.

NED THE VICTOR.

REV. A. M'GREGOR.

IN a little "stud house" in a fishing village in White Bay, Terra Nova, is a group of children playing dogs. Neither of them have seen a horse; there are none within sixty miles of them. The boys are harnessed to an imaginary "commatic." The driver, Ned, the oldest, is instinctively a leader. He feels already the throbbing of that life which is to become a blessing to his fellow countrymen and an honor to God. Their house is built by trees set perpendicularly to the ground, and fastened at the top and bottom, the erevices filled with dried moss. There are but two rooms—a "b" and a "ben." No carpets adorn the floor. A large stove stands in the centre of the living room, in the corner of which is a bed. Hanging in the middle of this apartment is an old-fashioned cod-oil lamp, which, like Ned, is immovable, and, like him, the only light in the house.

This family is like thousands in Terra Nova to-day; the struggle for bread without butter, for "hard tack" and salt meat, is herculean. Money is a stranger; the desperate system of barter, which for ages has subjected this race to the merchant's mandate, grants only half cash for seals; goods only for fish and salmon. No orator, like Phillips or the indomitable Garrison or poetical Whittier, has spoken, written, or sung for their deliverance.

Ned soon owned a team of dogs, seven in number, led by a well-trained Esquimo dog, which required no reins, but to the words "Ouch" and "Arrah" would turn to the left or right at pleasure. Ned was frozen in by Arctic ice from November to June, with no communication with the great world, no news except that left by some cruiser or fisherman. He was one of nature's own, near to nature's heart.

He now began to study the habits of the seals who frequented the bay; in fact, this was one of the homes of the seal. He classified them, and found four kinds—bay, hood, harp, and square flipper. He noticed, at certain periods, that all the seals in the bay left, and in a few hours the great pack of sheet ice would fill every inlet. He reasoned: the seals must come to the surface to breathe; if they waited to go out of the bay until the ice came, they would be at the mercy of man, or perish under the ice. How do these seals know when to leave? How do they know the wind is to blow from the east before we do? These questions forced themselves upon Ned, and he concluded that while he could not comprehend, he could admire the wisdom of God.

He believed that the God who created the seals created the Sunday, and with the light of nature and grace this boy, who never saw a school-house, reasoned logically and concluded heroically never to kill a seal on the Sabbath, although the custom of killing seals on the holy day had generally prevailed. He learned their habits, and the influence of the winds and tides upon their position, which afterward made him the greatest seal hunter in the world.

Ned was now seventeen years of age. He had for three summers gone in the fishing boat; he had spread the seal nets, but had never killed a white-coat, the young harp seal, upon the ice. These baby seals were their first home on the ice, and cannot swim until they are about forty days old. The killing of these young seals just before they are large enough to swim makes a harvest for the people of Terra Nova. Sunday morning, the 27th of March, Ned heard, long before

daylight, a strange walling sound. It was not the sigh of the wind, yet the wind carried it. What could it be? He arose and dressed. As soon as he opened the door, the same strange wall increased—it must be the young seals. He said, "Hurrah!" He ran down to the ice, put his ear to it, and then he was convinced it was the seals. He remembered it was Sunday, and all his promises came back. There was no church or school for him to attend; he thought: "Perhaps I can earn one or two hundred dollars to-day. To-morrow the wind may change and ice and seals depart." What a test to this Christian boy's stability! A dark trial had come to the home one year before. The father had died, and Ned keenly felt that the family needed this godsend. He dreaded the approaching day, and prayed God to help him to do just right. As soon as the first streaks of light came up over the eastern horizon there was a running here and there with ropes and gaffs, a barking of dogs, and more excitement than he had ever seen. The whole day the ice was a great slaughter-house, and when night came they had killed and hauled a hundred seals worth \$250. The fat of the seal adheres to the skin, and it only requires three minutes to kill and scalp one. This was a day of severe trial. Ned heard the voice of God in His Word and conscience strengthening his resolution. A hundred voices around him urged him to break the Sabbath, and the needs of himself and the fatherless family augmented these voices.

Monday morning, long before light, he was on the ice. He had a tender heart. While he had often killed fish and salmon and taken the seals from the nets, yet he had never killed a seal upon the ice. He had not traveled far over the smooth ice before he came to a baby seal. It began to cry like a child, the tears running out of its eyes. Ned mused, as he saw this poor, innocent, white creature deserted by its mother, "How can I kill you?" He struck the seal, but his heart had sympathy with his hand. Another blow, and Ned had killed his first white-coat. Little did he then think that his resolution to honor God and keep the Sabbath had made him a hero; and having honored God, he would be honored. He found the ice so smooth and fitting so closely together that he harnessed his dogs and drove them over it. The quick-scented Esquimo leader led him among the seals five miles from land. When night came he had 75 seals worth \$185. How rich he felt! But the tempter said: "Had you gone on Sunday, you would have had twice as much."

Monday night a strong southwest wind drove the ice and seals far out to sea. Ned, seeing the ice carried from the shore, said, "Oh, that I had a vessel to follow them!" He then resolved to build a small schooner.

Ten days after, he took his boat and rowed toward Cape John to shoot ducks. He observed the ice touching the land at one point. He fired at some birds, and one of them fell on the ice. He rode up to it and leaped upon it, and what was his amazement to find "ragged-jackets"—that is, the white-coats which are just beginning to swim and casting their white coat. He had no knife, gaff, or rope, but taking the painter of the boat and an oar, he soon killed a hundred seals. He could not scalp them, so he hauled them to the boat, filled it, rowed ashore and stored them, came back for another load, and so on until he filled his boat for the last time, and then rowed home over the bay with one-fourth of his catch. The villagers turned out and looked at Ned's seals. Ten days before he was ridiculed, despised, and regarded as demented because he was conscientious. When he told his story, the oldest seal-hunter scratched his head and muttered, "Strange summit in't." When they found he had seventy-five more seals safely housed on the other shore, they were amazed. Ned was strengthened in his resolutions to keep the Sabbath, to honor God, and to believe that all things worked together for good because he loved God. When he got all his seals home, he had ten more than any man in the village who had broken the Sabbath.

Ned now wished he had a small schooner in which he might follow the seals to sea. When the trader came around in June to purchase seals, Ned found his were worth \$410. He got sovereigns to the amount of one-half, and when the trader looked for the other half, he was astonished to find an order for canvas, nails, paint, oakum, anchors and chains, which were duly delivered. Ned hired a competent ship carpenter; he and his brothers hauled the keel and timbers, and with his own hands he helped to saw the planks for the schooner. It was slow work, but eighteen months after, the schooner was ready to launch. Ned owned every timber, nail and sail. Some of the villagers admired his pluck, some ridiculed, others called him with sarcasm, in the vernacular of that place, the great "swiller." Others said his luck when he shot the duck, and it happened to fall among the seals, had turned his head.

Ned had turned his attention to reading the few books he could find. He did not talk so much about luck, but exercised a good deal of pluck. He thought if God could give the seals such instinct, He would take care of him. Ned was nineteen years of age when the sealing schooner was launched. On the 31st of March he left with his brothers and six men who had cast in their lot with him. He knew little about navigation, but from the first of January he had been calculating the winds. He reasoned wisely, since the winds prevailed from the north and east, that the seals would be somewhere near Cape Norman, on Labrador, or Straits of Belle Isle. This young captain made known the law—"No seals to be killed on the Sabbath." After five days' cruising in search of seals, they came to a flat, bluish ice, and soon they found a large school of white-coats. They succeeded in filling their schooner from stem to stern—on deck, in the cabin, everywhere, five thousand in all! According to the custom of the country, the captain gets one-third, the owner of the vessel one-third, and the remaining third is divided among the men. So our captain got two-thirds, amounting to \$7,500.

Ned now began to study navigation with a seal that insured success. He could learn this with books and a good teacher, but he had gained a greater knowledge—the habits of the seals, the time of their birth, and the influence of the winds and tides upon their position. He proved that it was not luck, but knowledge, which enabled him to locate the seals before he left the harbor, and find them.

Several years after, he was chosen captain of a seal-hunting steamship. Soon after he owned one and an interest in several others. One fine Sunday morning the old trial came back—they were among young seals. He had 250 men, and scores of them began to eat the captain's permission to kill the seals. They pleaded the needs of their wives and children; they said they would carry them on board and kill them Monday morning. With a cheery word he said: "Boys, we'll be at them to-morrow." They quoted Scripture: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." This God-fearing, Sabbath-honoring sealer was firm, like the Edystone light-house, against this surging mass of men, reasoning, entreating, praying, and swearing. Still he stood holding high the light of truth, and securely fastened to the Rock of Ages. "Commending himself to every man's conscience, if not to his pocket, in the sight of God," he conducted a service on board, and a few of the faithful prayed, sang, and were strengthened. A hurricane came that night which swept the seals and ice past his ship. He feared to go with it; he knew his staunch vessel would be crushed like an egg-shell. All night the ice thundered and growled. When the morning light dawned the seals were far away. What a test to his faith! His men, almost furious, some well-nigh mutinous, used every epithet of scorn against him. What would the next ten days bring? He remembered his first trial, the wounded duck, the hundred seals, the foundation of his prosperity. He thought of the men; he knew they spoke for more than a thousand.

Several days passed as they steamed among the ice—what suspense! The days seemed months. The conscious knowledge that he had done his duty supported him. The fifth day they found seals. The captain, going to the mast-head with his telescope, discovered they were among the greatest school of seals he had ever seen. For several days these 25 men worked night and day until they had killed, scalped, and hauled on board 40,000 seals! The captain said: "Boys, put them in the cabin, on deck, in the bunks!" For still there were thousands of these precious white-coats, and 2,000 more were killed. The great steamer's deck was now even with the water. Slowly she steamed toward the harbor with her precious freight. "What if a storm should come?" was the question. Soon they met a vessel and transferred two thousand to her to carry.

When the steamer approached the harbor, she was signaled. The news passed through the city, and when she came in with her cargo worth \$90,000—the largest ever landed at one time—Ned was welcomed with thundering cheers. Of him it could be said, "He went, he saw, he conquered." His appreciative countrymen not only gave him the right of honor of being the first seal-hunter of his day, but by their suffrages he was elected the highest honor at their command, and constituted a member of Legislature. The city has now the title of Honorable attached to his name, but an unseen, invisible hand rests on his head with a divine benediction.

Farm and Garden.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

System on the Farm.

It is a good thing to be systematic. Teach your boys this. Let them begin by keeping a record of everything—of the weather, of the work done each day on the farm, the loads taken in of each crop harvested, the cost of everything bought or sold, and the income from sales made. It is a good practice.

Exposure of Farm Tools.

It rains farm tools about as quickly to be left exposed to the hot sun of mid-summer as to be left in rain and snow. Heat dries and shrinks the wood-work, so that tools and machines become shaky, and it makes openings for the moisture to get in and complete the work of destruction. If you must leave the tools out, at least keep them well painted. The paint fills the pores, and to some extent will prevent spreading and cracking. Paint is a good preservative, and a coat applied every spring or fall will double the life of a tool.

Marketing Apples.

The proper preparation for market and the marketing of the apple crop are matters worth the most careful attention of every grower. In the first place, each grower should have a special brand, and in packing he should aim to do the work in such manner that each barrel will help to establish a reputation for the brand. This necessitates sorting the stock into various grades of quality, and packing honestly and uniformly throughout the barrel. A vast quantity of American apples now goes abroad every year. The Liverpool auction market alone taking from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels annually, and there certain brands have become so well known for honest packing and uniform good quality as to command from one shilling to three shillings per barrel above other stock. The foreign demand is steadily growing, and it will pay large orchardists to pack with special reference to that trade. Red Baldwin is the most popular variety in England, and other high-colored sorts come next.

A Strawberry Bed.

If you have neglected to set out a strawberry bed this spring, and yet wish to have your own fruit next year, get ready to set some potted plants as soon as you can. Go to a neighbor who has a good bed, and get the privilege of taking some runners. Fill three-inch pots with rich earth and sink to the brim under the young plants that have just taken root or are about to do so; place the plants in the centre of the pots and keep them in position with flat stones or lumps of earth; and be sure that the soil is kept moist. In two or three weeks the roots will fill the pots, and the plants should then be turned out and set where they are to grow. They may be set from July to September, and will give enough fruit next year to justify the extra labor. Plants set in the fall, in the ordinary manner, cannot be relied upon for more than half a crop of fruit at the best. The following season, while well-potted plants will often give a full crop.

Harvesting Corn Fodder.

Every year more attention is paid to the proper harvesting of corn fodder, as we come to realize more fully its value; yet there is one method which has much to recommend it that yet is not so largely practiced as it should be. This is the method commonly known as top stalking, and consists in cutting the top of the stalk just at the junction with the ear. The cutting is done while the leaves and stalks are quite green and the grain just commencing to harden. The remainder of the stalks, with the ears, are then allowed to remain in the field until perfectly ripe, when they are hauled out and cattle turned in to gather the

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 4.

The Massachusetts branch of the American Federation of Labor is in session at Haverhill.

John and Isabella Beecher Hooker celebrate their golden wedding.

Wilfred E. Cassels, of the firm of Wilson, Cassels & Co., of Boston, commits suicide in Portland. Investigation shows that he was guilty of forgery.

The election of Rev. Isaac L. Nickerson as bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee approved.

The "Home Fascinator" Company declared fraudulent by the post-office authorities; thousands of persons swindled.

Fire destroys a big electric plant on Staten Island; loss, \$200,000.

Failure of Abraham Backer, dealer in commercial paper, New York; liabilities, \$1,000,000.

The French Jewish Association approves Baron Hirsch's plans.

Fire in the dry goods district of Chicago causes a loss of \$1,000,000.

Opening of the 25th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit, Mich.

Henry T. Bingham appointed immigration inspector at Boston.

Gold fever in New York money market.

Alarming spread of small-pox in Peru.

Wednesday, August 5.

The next G. A. R. encampment will be held in Washington, D. C.

The Canadian government has decided to surrender the seven American fishing vessels seized off Eastport.

Forty thousand veterans joined in the grand parade at Detroit yesterday. Ex-President Hayes marched in the ranks.

The cod fishing at Newfoundland said to be the best for years.

Owing to competition between the Eureka Philadelphia Sugar Company and Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust, granulated sugar is reduced to four cents a pound.

The Patent Office the past year granted 25,307 patents; and 1,744 trade marks and 280 labels were registered.

The British Parliament was prorogued to-day.

Nearly fifty undesirable immigrants detained at East Boston.

M. Roustan, French minister at Washington, transferred to Spain.

Return of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien to the House of Commons.

Thursday, August 6.

The White Star steamer "Majestic" beat her record on her last voyage from Liverpool—5 days, 10 hours and 5 minutes.

A cloud-burst at South Harriburg, Pa., did much damage.

A collision occurred at Champlain, N. Y., killing three persons and injuring about thirty others.

The amount of money now in circulation said to be greater than ever before in the history of the nation.

Franklin G. Fessenden, of Greenfield, to be appointed a Justice of the Superior Bench, vice Judge Staples, deceased.

A mob sacks the Jewish quarter of a Russian town; kills three men and wounds many others.

Friday, August 7.

The Grand Army encampment at Detroit finished its business yesterday. Captain Palmer of New York, was elected commander-in-chief.

A collision on the West Shore road about twenty-five miles from Syracuse, N. Y., caused the death of thirteen persons and the fatal wounding of four others. The killed were mostly Italian laborers.

The prophetic production in this city, "The Fall of Pompeii," is discontinued.

A fatal case of hydrophobia reported in Malden.

A fire at Epping camp-ground yesterday destroyed \$10,000 worth of cottages.

Nine convicts escaped from Auburn prison, and six were re-captured soon after.

The gipsy mob has appeared in Maine.

The crops in India have failed, owing to protracted drought, and people and cattle are reported to be already dying of starvation.

Charles T. Dillingham, bookseller and publisher, New York, makes an assignment.

M. Henri Litoloff, musician and composer, is dead.

Saturday, August 8.

Catholic girls in Meriden, Conn., forbidden by the priest to go to a free copy of "Educational Hints to Young People."

A mail train derailed at Ashburnham Junction, and an engine and three cars badly smashed.

Yesterday's thunder storm killed a man at Kittery, Me., and did some damage in New Hampshire.

The hot wave covers the entire West and Northwest and extends east to Detroit, Mich., the temperature ranging from 90 to 100 degrees daily.

A great amount of damage has been done at Melbourne, Australia, by a tremendous tidal wave.

The West Shore collision was due to criminal negligence on the part of two employees, who have run away.

George M. Shinn, son of Rev. Dr. G. W. Shinn, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Newton, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by cutting his throat with a razor.

Another White Chapel horror reported.

Monday, August 10.

Excessive heat reported in the West and South.

A terrific tidal wave and hundreds of mud volcanoes in eruption in Lower California played sad havoc among the Indians of that locality.

The steamer "Eldorado," bound from New York for New Orleans, was wrecked off the Great Bahama banks.

Fire prevailed for ten days in the coal bunkers on the steamship "Cochino" on her recent voyage to New York, and it was kept under with the utmost difficulty.

Six persons were drowned off South Boston yesterday by the upsetting of a yacht.

Occurrence of a disastrous storm on the shore of Lake Superior at Ashland and Washburne, Wis.

One man killed and a dozen seriously injured by a gas explosion in a colliery at Pottsville, Pa.

Captain Lawler and his little boat, the "Sea Serpent," arrive safely at an English port.

Paul Crampey, a French explorer in Africa, and three others of his expedition, were assassinated by natives.

The Imperialist of Madrid says it learns that President Balmaceda of Chile and the leaders of the Chilean insurgents have appealed to the Spanish Government to act as arbitrator and end the war.

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

The church is coming up. They are grappling with the old debt, that has been hanging over them like a pall of death for sixteen years, and it is confidently expected that before Conference the jubilee will be held over it—complete wiping out. This is an important point, and with the church free from incumbrance, there is a prosperous future.

Rev. H. G. Housington, W. E. Bennett, and C. D. Hills from the district were among the preachers in connection with the Heding Academics at East Epping. Rev. Fred E. White was one of the lecturers.

Let all keep in mind the Claremont camp meeting, Aug. 13-20. Reduced rates on the

railroads; passes for the pastors. Programs are out, which can be had of Rev. R. L. Bruce, Springfield, Vt.

The camp-meeting at Wilmett is Aug. 31-Sept. 5. Come to this gathering. Give it your help. It is not large—that is why we need you. Come to West Andover on the Northern road, and a large ride of about a mile will take you to the grounds.

A new church has been organized in Manchester. It is in that part of the city known as Manchester, about four miles from city hall. The society consists now of eleven members. They have a very neat chapel worth \$1,200, on which there is no debt. The pastor is Bro. Byrne, who has served them for some months past. They will be connected with the First Church until such time as they shall become able to care for a pastor by themselves.

Dover District.

Hampstead had a red-letter day, Sunday, Aug. 2—Rev. C. H. Smith, of Sandown, held a grove-meeting under direction of Pastor Jarrett, and baptized ten persons after the preaching service.

Lowell is pushing vigorously for the necessary funds with which to command the Church Extension grant—\$1,000 only remaining to be hunted up now in order to reach the draft in October. Pews are contracted for, to be set on a circle, curved seats and backs, all in place by September 23. Dedication is hoped for on the 14th of October, and Mrs. Hamilton and Buckley and Bishop Foster are expected on that occasion. Bro. Holman has had a recent sudden illness, and is now taking a few weeks of rest. He is very effectively assisted in his work by a lady helper, who is doing diligent mission work on week-days in a religious canvass of Centralville, and also supplies the pulpit during the pastor's vacation.

East Epping has met with serious disaster; but so much less extensive than all feared, that we are grateful, and do not expect any permanent injury to our work. On Thursday forenoon, Aug. 6, about 11 o'clock, fire broke out in the cottage of Seth E. Dawson, of Lawrence, on Wesley Park. The flames spread quickly to the east into a large building, formerly occupied by Grace Church as a school of Haverhill. There seemed no possibility of stopping the flames, so the next building was demolished to prevent the destructive element from crossing the small stream which flows through the grounds. This stopped the fire's devastation in that direction, but from the Dawson cottage the blaze progressed rapidly to the west, up quite a hill, totally destroying nine cottages. The buildings burned were all small ones, and among the oldest structures on the ground. The principal fear from the outset was that the dining-hall would take fire; in which event there would be little hope for any of the other buildings, and the most strenuous efforts of the campers-out were put forth to save that building. Everybody about the grounds worked manfully, the ladies doing heroic service in bringing water in pails from the spring. Ten buildings in all were burned.

G. W. N.

Concord District.

Weirs Camp meeting.—This meeting commenced Aug. 17. Although loaned for another district later, Rev. J. L. Felt will again have charge of the singing at Weirs, and will be assisted by a cornetist and chorus choir. Bishop Foster was so pleased with the meeting and the mountain and lake scenery last year, that with his daughter, he will spend the week at the meeting this year. The program includes, also, Dr. Leonard, missionary secretary, Drs. Hills and Rowley, with many other brothers, gifted and called with the "holy calling" to lead all into the possession of the "great things" God has for us all. Improvements worthy of note are: \$2,500 were expended last year to bring an abundance of cool, pure spring water to every cottage and society house; and \$4,000 have been laid out on the Lake Side Hotel for the present year. Several fine cottages have been erected this summer. But we look to this meeting for much greater things—spiritual upbuilding and the "waters of life."

Groton Camp-meeting will commence Aug. 31, and that at Colebrook Sept. 14. Programs are being arranged for a later issue. Assurance of efficient helpers is given. Let all concerned pray for the gift of power by the Holy Spirit to all of these meetings.

Tilton Seminary.—Parents, guardians, young people, send to the new president, Rev. Dr. J. M. Durrell, for a free copy of "Educational Hints to Young People." It will answer your questions in a fresh, bright, clear way, and as you want them answered, and in time to enter at the commencement of the new school year, Aug. 26. A full course, a year, or even a term (properly supplemented) in this school will give a trend of inestimable value to the life of a young man or young woman. And yet the opportunity is here offered at a cost of only \$160 for the year. No other investment can be as valuable to our young people.

S. C. K.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Springfield District.

Since my last communication to the HERALD was written, several charges have been officially visited and some honest work attempted in the Master's service. At Bellows Falls, where the pastor is serving his fifth year, the work opens well, with perhaps better congregations than during either of the previous years. The quarterly conference authorized the pastor to proceed at once in the matter of obtaining funds for a new parsonage. Later I may have something to communicate as to generous giving toward this enterprise; but for the present let it be known that all of God's noblemen are not dead and in heaven yet.

A full quarterly conference greeted the writer at Woodstock and Quechee charge, and with great unanimity of action transacted the business of the first quarterly conference of the year. Pastor Clapp had been absent for several weeks attending the great meeting at Edinburgh, Scotland; nevertheless, the work was well in hand, and he reported sixty-five pastoral visits made by himself, and sixty more made by his industrious wife, whom her husband facetiously styled the "pastor-ess" in making his report. The year opens prosperously. The League is displaying great activity.

Barnard and East Barnard appear well satisfied with their new pastor, Rev. F. D. Handy, who has entered upon his work with his usual vigor. Already evidences appear that the disheartening effect of losing their pastor in the midst of last year was quite transitory in character, and that the church will soon be well on its feet again with its little misfortunes entirely passed from mind. But this lessens not the responsibility of a minister who, having accepted a pastoral charge, and having no reasons but such as are personal, violently severs the pastoral bond and leaves a church without a head.

Hardland and Windsor, in their united form under Pastor Ford, are beginning to receive "showers of blessings." At a communion service at Hardland last Sunday ten seekers were at the altar; also one or two at Windsor.

Some \$10,000 of this should be in hand at

at different points on the district some fruit of this kind is being gathered, and it is hoped that the approaching union camp-meeting at Claremont Junction may give new impetus to the work in this respect.

Several pastors' families are enjoying a temporary dwelling in the grove grounds in the date of the camp-meeting. The grove is indeed a beautiful one and well adapted for such a purpose. Pastor Bruce, who is a member of the executive committee, and who is quite an expert in the use of all tools, from the spade to the brush, is most abundant in labor, and leaves his marks everywhere, both in repairs and improvements on the grounds. A full program of the forthcoming meeting is already distributed, which, because of its excellence, ought to be of great attraction and draw a large patronage. Sept. Mulligan of the Vermont Valley & Sullivan County Railroad, has been exceedingly generous in his administration toward this meeting—never more so than this year. We hope the results to the road may justify his liberality.

M.

St. Johnsbury District.

East Burke.—The Sabbath-schools of this place enjoyed an excursion to Newport, with a sail up the lake, on July 16. The day was all that could be desired, and about 140 adults and children had a rich treat.

Newport.—The writer found the pastor as warm and genial as ever. Bro. Cooper has won the hearts of the people of Newport. There is much interest in the services and the building of the new church. The past Sabbath, Dr. Cooper stated, was unquestionably the best in his whole experience as a pastor. There have been a few conversions since Conference, and the prospect is very hopeful for the future. The new parsonage stands in a commanding position. In the judgment of many visitors it is considered the finest location in the village. The view takes in a sweep of the lake for fully eighteen miles, with Owl's Head in the distance. The scenery from the parsonage windows is exceedingly fine. The pastor and committee are to be congratulated on the location and style of the building.

St. Johnsbury.—Bro. Curli has returned from his three weeks' vacation well refreshed and full of courage for his work. The prospects are bright for a successful year, for he is very popular with his people. The new pipe organ, with congregational singing, is giving much satisfaction. A large number of communicants came to the Lord's Supper last Sabbath.

St. Johnsbury Centre.—Bro. Pierce is in the enjoyment of much success. The congregations and Sabbath-school are larger than for years. Some are attending church that have never been seen in such a building on the Sabbath. Some have been converted recently. The prospect is very good.

F.

Montpelier District.

For the second time since our last annual session, we are as a Conference called to note the passing on of one of our number, Rev. A. J. Copeland, of Chelsea, having died at his home the evening of Aug. 2. At evening time he was light and he was not, for God took him. The funeral was on the following Tuesday, Rev. H. E. Howard, the pastor, having charge.

The Epworth League convention at Cabot was a great success. The country papers gave detailed reports, and the delegates were unanimous in its praise. A noteworthy incident was the attendance of seventy at the service at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. At another social service there were six prayers and forty-seven testimonies in fifteen minutes. Doubtless a fuller report will be given in the next League issue of the HERALD.

The District Preachers' Meeting will be held the second week in September. From replies to inquiries by the committee on program, it would seem as if many of the brethren had conspired to combine and "make excuse" regarding attendance. Brethren, let us either heartily support the Preachers' Meeting or else give it a decent burial and have the agony over! It does seem as if a majority of the preachers might find time and opportunity to attend a meeting lasting but one day and one evening. A rounding meeting might be the beginning of a blessed revival on the charge where held. It might stimulate the pastors in attendance to larger endeavor and greater expectations.

Mention ought long since to have been made of the gifts presented last year to the ten classes graduating since his incumbency. Prof. Bishop received a gold watch, worth \$85, and Dr. Bishop was given a gold-lined silver water set, including elegant stand. The surprise was complete. It is pleasant to note this, as it shows the high appreciation in which our brother and his wife are held by those who come nearest them. It will be a matter of regret to many to learn that Mrs. Bishop, at present writing, is at the Burlington hospital.

RETNAW.

An Appeal in a Crisis.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT BAREILLY, INDIA.

This appeal is made in a most important crisis. A grand opportunity has come to this Nation in North India. God has blessed the work of our native preachers that thousands are turning to Him. In the North India Conference alone last year over 6,000 souls, old and young, were added to the Christian community by baptism. They are widely scattered in 1,400 towns and villages. This work is rapidly spreading south into the Bengal Conference. At least 10,000 more will be added the present year and the widening wave will roll on in power. These must have pastors, and many evangelists are needed to push the work and enter "the great door and effectual."

The Theological Seminary, for which we plead, occupies a unique place in this work. It ministers at home need training, much more men just from paganism. If we do not provide this rapidly growing multitude of Christians, in this crisis, with pastors who are well grounded in doctrine and practical morality, the grave dangers that paganized the church on the fall of heathen Rome will be upon us.

This institution was founded in 1872. The endowment has slowly grown to \$50,000, with buildings valued at about \$16,000. The institution is situated in North India, at Bareilly, a city of 130,000 inhabitants.

We train students in a language spoken by 100,000,000 of souls. This school should be made a great Missionary West Point. Adequately endowed and supplied with teachers, it may become an agency of great power in converting India, which, under God, is the work of a new century.

The present attendance of students is 66 in the theological department, and 23 in the normal department, training as teachers and lay evangelists; while 45 women, the wives of these students, are also pursuing a course of study to fit them to work with their husbands. We have sent out 180 native missionaries and 44 as teachers. This institution should be raised at once to the highest possible condition of effectiveness. It should be made a mighty missionary influence. Our small endowment should be raised to \$100,000 immediately; hence this appeal for \$50,000.

Some \$10,000 of this should be in hand at

to meet liabilities, and enable us to assume a wider activity in this great opportunity. Home institutions less important in the evangelization of the world get their hundreds of thousands. We only crave a few tens of thousands. You in God's providence have the means; we in the same providence have the opportunity of centuries—an opportunity which also is yours.

If ever, give now, in God's name! It is said one has what one gives away. Persons of means are often found inquiring for safe and good forms of investment. Add given in an opportunity like this is treasure laid up in heaven.

In the name of God, come over and help us now!

By Executive Committee for Board of Trustees.

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CAPE PALMAS SEMINARY.

REV. WILLIAM D. NICHOLS.

This institution was founded by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1854. The Society supported the school for many years, but the results not proving satisfactory, it finally withdrew its aid. From that time the school declined, and about ten years ago was discontinued, and the building suffered to decay. Eighteen months ago Bishop Taylor began to repair it, purposing to make it a training school for his native ministers and lay helpers; and last March the repairs were far enough advanced to open a school in it, the writer having been previously transferred from the Oregon Conference to take charge.

We have about ninety in attendance, and a large number of them are first-class, as pupils here; but a first-class pupil here might not rate quite so high in the schools of Boston. Some of these are fine young men who purpose to devote their lives to the redemption of Africa. One is from Garawa, a station on the coast of which Miss Agnes McAlister, from Canada, has had charge for two years. He is her lay helper, but is a candidate for the ministry. He is a fine young man, deeply pious, is learning English rapidly, and is making good progress in his studies. In a few days we shall have another young man, a lay helper of Miss Whitfield, at Tatika Station on the Cavalla River, a hundred miles in the interior. We have met him and were very favorably impressed with him. He has been with Miss Whitfield about two years, and she esteems him very highly.

This is a boarding and a day-school, a farm being connected with it, on which we hope, with the labor of our young men and boys, to raise enough vegetables to supply our school. We shall also devote a portion of the farm to coffee. We have planted some on the seminary lot, and there are a few old trees planted by the first missionaries from which were gathered last December three bushels of coffee.

We shall be able in a few years to meet all the expenses of our school from the sale of our coffee; but until that time, the expense of clothing and boarding a pupil outside of the productions of the farm will be about \$40 per year. When our dormitory shall be completed (which we expect to be done in a few months), we shall be able to accommodate thirty boarders. A box of partially-worn light clothing would come in well and be highly appreciated by our boys and girls.

All the pupils are taught to work. The girls will be thoroughly instructed in cutting and fitting garments, sewing, and housekeeping, and the boys in farming. We have just finished planting an acre and a half of sweet potatoes and edoes, and we are now preparing ground for cassava, all the work having been done by our boys.

We greatly desire also to furnish a reading-room for the use of our pupils, and we desire a copy of ZION'S HERALD to visit it regularly. But should it come, as we hope it will, it must come as a donation, for as we serve without a salary, we cannot pay for it, and all the books will be the more apparent when you take into consideration the fact that there is not a periodical of any kind published in Liberia; and, though our church in this town has a membership of six hundred, not a copy of our church periodicals visits the home of a member. This sad state of affairs is caused by poverty. The people here are poor, very poor.

Cape Palmas, Africa.

To Our Readers.

No advantage in these columns carries a recommendation from the Editor of the paper for the person or thing advertised. Space is granted by the Publisher, who has charge of this department, to parties supposed to be reliable, who desire to call attention to what they have for disposal. The reader must for himself exercise reasonable prudence and careful scrutiny as will make him wholly responsible for the action taken.

EDITOR ZION'S HERALD.

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Prof. JOHN FISKE will open the September Popular Science Monthly with a paper on THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION; its SCOPE AND INFLUENCE, which cannot fail to give the reader a better understanding of this great method than generally prevails.

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The man who practices the stupidity of extreme economy will never know how much he misses in failing to possess a revolving book case. It doubles the value of every book it holds by keeping it always within easy reach for reference.

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receiving a deserved reputation for their great strength and perfect purity. The headquarters of this concern is at Portland, Me., where all their flavors are put up in a finely-equipped laboratory. Those who are desirous of using perfectly reliable extracts made from the best and purest material should ask for the Baker Brand.

Luncheon Muffins.

BY MARIA PARLOA.

For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, two tablespoons of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

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